THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1863.

{ ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, [illegible]. WHOLE NUMBER [illegible] }

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TERMS :—CASH IN ADVANCE.

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

THE SAD SEA WAVE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY AUGUST BELL.

Wearily, oh, wearily,
Sat I looking out to sea,
And the waves crept moaning to the shore,
Telling all their plaintive story o'er,
How they pined once more to be
Little laughing brooks among the hills,
Or, in meadows, violet bordered rills.

Oh, the evening gray swept down,
While I heard speak from the sea,
In the wild waves' wailing undertone,
Something that my heart claimed for its own,
For it somehow seemed to me,
Our own life with its dull shade of pain
Was the same sad story o'er again.

Piteously, piteously,
Echoed up their woe to me,
How the cold and cruel-hearted Ocean
Made them beat the sands in endless motion,
And the hill-born billows writhed to be
Hiding wrecks and bodies of the dead,
While the stern stars judged them overhead.

Hopelessly, hopelessly,
Looking on the dreary sea,
Counted I wrecked dreams, dead loves, and more,
Which my Life all-hiding floweth o'er,
While my whole soul pines to be
In its holy childhood back again,
Unaware of all Earth's sin and pain.

SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VERNER'S PRIDE," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

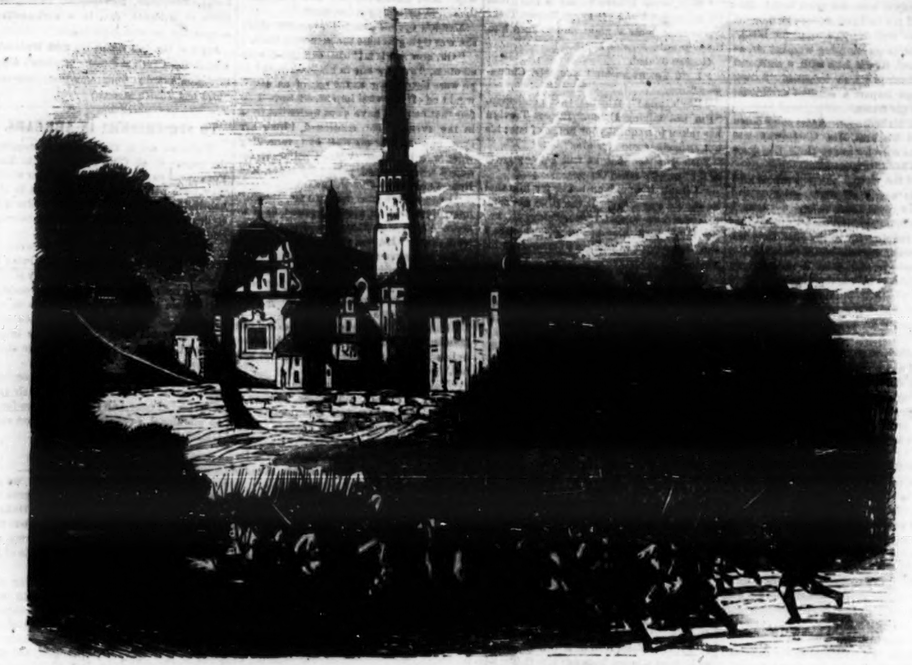
CHAPTER XVIII.

FASTENED OUT.

Rupert Trevlyn rang—and rang. But there came back no answering sign that the ring was heard. The door was not opened: the house, in its utter stillness, might have been taken for the house of the dead. A light shone in Mrs. Chattaway's dressing-room; and Rupert stood back, looking at it: but he could see no shadow falling on the blind. He took up some gravel, and gently threw it against the window. This dress-room adjoined Mrs. Chattaway's own sitting room; both of them looked to the front of the house: the bed-room, occupied jointly by Mr. and Mrs. Chattaway, bore another aspect. The dressing-room was between the two rooms, a door from it opening into each. Mrs. Chattaway used it exclusively; Rupert therefore did not fear that the gravel would strike on the ears of Chattaway.

Even if Chattaway should be gone up stairs. But Rupert doubted it. If Chattaway had gone up, he had done it on purpose, in his petty spite against Rupert; for the usual hour for retiring at the Hold was eleven o'clock, though Mrs. Chattaway frequently went up earlier.

There came no response to the gravel: not so much as the form of a hand on the blind. Rupert stood back, and watched attentively. He was growing cold; he was growing tired. His run from Trevlyn farm had put him into a perspiration—a little exertion would do that, in his weak bodily health—and now it was being succeeded by a shivering chill. Presently he took up another handful of gravel, and sent it against the window.



THE INSURRECTION IN POLAND.

Our illustration shows a body of Polish patriots. It will be seen that they are mostly armed with scythes—a formidable weapon when wielded by a Pole. What the bow was to the Englishman, and the claymore to the Highlander, the scythe is to the Poles. They are early trained to its most effective use as a weapon of destruction, and have attained to such dexterity that it is said that, at one sweep, a dexterous scytheman can cut off a man's head. The Russian soldier holds this rapidly improvised bayonet and sword in great dread, and, we are informed, that the Russian infantry in line seldom stand before a resolute charge of warriors thus equipped, and who hold their lives as nothing to the objects for which they fight.

He had not to wait very long this time. Cautiously, slowly, as though the very movement feared being heard, the blind was drawn aside, and the face of Mrs. Chattaway, wet with streaming tears, appeared, looking down at him. He could see that she had not begun to undress. She shook her head; she raised her hands, and clasped them with a gesture of deprecating despair; and her lips formed themselves into the words, "I may not let you in."

He could not read the words; but he read the expression of the whole all to clearly—that Chattaway would not suffer him to be admitted. Mrs. Chattaway, dreading possibly that her husband might cast his eyes inside her dressing-room, quietly let fall the blind again, and removed her shadow from the window.

Now what was Rupert to do? Lie down on the level grass there that skirted the avenue, and take his night's rest under the trees, with the cold air freezing him, and the night dews wetting him? A strong frame, revelling in superfluous health, might risk that; but not Rupert Trevlyn.

He walked round the house, and tried its back entrance. It was quite fast. He knocked at it, but no answer came. He looked up at the windows; lights shone in one or two of the upper rooms; but there came no sign that anybody meant to let him in.

A momentary thought came over him that he would go back to Trevlyn farm, and crave a night's shelter there. He would have done it, but for the recollection of Mrs. Ryle's stern voice and sterner face when she remarked to him that, as he knew the rule made for his going in, he need not break it. Rupert had never got on too cordially with Mrs. Ryle. He remembered shrinking from her haughty face when he was a little child: and somehow he shrank from it still. No: he would not knock them up at Trevlyn farm.

What must he do? Should he walk about until morning? Should he sit down on the upper step of the door-sill, inside the portico, and cower in the angle for the night? Suddenly a thought came to him—were the Canhams in bed? If not, he could get in there, and lie on their settle. The Canhams never went to bed very early. Ann Canham sat up to lock the great gate—it was Chattaway's pleasure that it should not be done until after ten o'clock; and old Canham liked to sit up, smoking his pipe.

With a brisk step, now that he had decided on a course, Rupert walked down the avenue. At the first turning he ran against Cris Chattaway, who was coming leisurely up it.

"Oh, Cris! I am so glad! You'll let me in. They have shut me out to-night."

"Let you in!" repeated Cris. "I can't."

Rupert's blue eyes opened in the starlight. "Have you not your latch-key?"

"What should hinder me?" responded Cris. "*I'm* going in; but I can't let you go in."

"Why not?" hotly asked Rupert.

"I don't choose to fly in the face of the squire's orders. He has commanded you to be in before half-past ten, or not to come in at all. It has gone half-past ten long ago; is hard upon eleven."

"If you can go in after half-past ten, why can't I go in?" cried Rupert.

"It's not my affair," said Cris, with a yawn. "Don't bother. Now look here, Rupert! It's of no use your following me to the door, for I shall not let you in."

"Yes you will, Cris."

"*I will not,*" responded Cris, speaking emphatically, but with the same plausible sauvity that he had spoken throughout. Rupert's temper was getting up.

"Cris, I'd not show myself such a hang-dog sneak as you, to be made King of England. If everybody had their rights, Trevlyn Hold would be mine, to shut you out of if I pleased. But I'd not please. If but a dog were turned out of his kennel at night, I'd let him come into the Hold for shelter."

Cris put his latch-key in the lock. "*I* don't turn you out. You must battle that question with the squire. Keep off, Ru. If he says you may be let in at eleven o'clock, all well and good; but I'm not going to encourage you in disobeying his orders."

He opened the door a few inches, wound himself in, and shut it in Rupert's face. He made a great noise in putting up the bar, which noise was not in the least necessary. Rupert had given him his true appellation—sneak. He was one: a false-hearted, plausible-mannered, cowardly sneak. As he stood at a marble table in the hall, and struck a match to light his candle, his puny face and his dull light eyes betrayed the most complaisant enjoyment.

He went up stairs smiling. He had to pass the angle of the corridor where his mother's rooms were situated. She glided silently out as he was going by. Her dress was off then, and she had apparently thrown a shawl over her shoulders to come out to Cris. It was an old-fashioned spun silk shawl, with a gray border, its middle white: not so white, however, as the face of Mrs. Chattaway.

"Cris!" she said, laying her hand upon his arm, and speaking in the faintest, most timorous of whispers, "why did you not let him in?"

"I thought we had been ordered not to let him in," returned he of the deceitful nature. "*I* have been ordered. I know that."

"You might have done it just for once, Cris," his mother wailed. "I know not what will become of him, out of doors on this sharp night."

Cris disengaged his arm, and continued his way up to his room. He slept on the upper floor. Maude was standing at the door of her chamber when he passed—as Mrs. Chattaway had been.

"Cris—wait a minute," she said, for he was hastening by. "I want to speak a word to you. Have you seen Rupert?"

"Seen him and heard him too," boldly avowed Cris. "He wanted me to let him in."

"Which, of course, you would not do," answered Maude, bitterly. "I wonder if you ever performed a good-natured action in your life?"

"Can't remember," mockingly retorted Cris.

"Where is Rupert? What is he going to do?"

"You know where he is, as well as I do: I suppose you could hear him. As to what he's going to do, I didn't ask him. Roost in a tree, perhaps, like the birds."

Maude retreated into her room and closed the door. She flung herself on a chair, and burst into a flood of passionate tears. Her heart ached for her brother with an aching that amounted to agony: she could have forced down her proud spirit and knelt to Mr. Chattaway to beg clemency to him: she could have almost sacrificed her own life if it might bring comfort to Rupert, whom she loved so well.

He—Rupert—had stamped off from the door when it was closed against him by Cris Chattaway: I fear he felt that he should have liked to stamp upon Cris. He walked slowly down the avenue: the ready feeling with which he had been previously hastening along had had a damper thrown upon it by Cris. In these moments of marked oppression, Rupert was apt to dwell too much upon original wrong inflicted on him by Chattaway, in turning him from the inheritance of Trevlyn Hold.

"Now, then! I wonder whether the Canhams are up," he thought, as he came in view of the lodge, and halted to survey it. No lights were to be seen; but he fancied he saw a face at the upper window, peeping out above the short curtain. Ann slept in that room; her father in the room at the other side: and Rupert knew that she often undressed in the dark, to save candle.

He softy whistled. He could not be sure whether that was a face, or the night shade on the window. It proved to be a face, however: Ann Canham's, in her night cap; and she replied to the whistle by opening the casement.

"That's never you, Master Rupert!" she exclaimed, using the salutation that came most natural to her—*Master* Rupert. Time went on, and boys grew into men; but the ideas of the inhabitants of the lodge did not seem to keep pace with time. Rupert Trevlyn there was Master Rupert still. "Hearing footsteps coming, I looked out to see whose they might be. Mr. Cris has just gone in."

"They have locked me out, Ann Canham. Can you manage to come down and open the door to me without disturbing your father? If you can, I'll lie on the settle for to-night."

"Dear! dear!" bewailed Ann Canham. "I'll come down, Master Rupert."

Once inside, there ensued a contest. In her humble way, begging pardon for the presumption, she proposed that Master Rupert should go up to her bed, and she'd make herself contented with the settle. It was but a flock, and very small, she said: but it would be rather better than the settle. Rupert would not. He threw himself on the hard, dark narrow bench that they called the settle, and protested that if Ann Canham said another word about giving up her bed, he'd go outside and stop the night in the avenue. So she was fain to go back to it.

A dreary night it was for him, that wearing bench; and the morning found him with a cold frame and stiffened limbs. He was stamping one foot on the floor to stamp the cramp out of it, when old Canham entered, leaning on a crutch. Ann had told him the news, and it got the old man up before his time.

"But who shut you out, Master Rupert?" asked the old man.

"Chattaway."

"Ann says that Mr. Cris went in pretty late last night. After she had locked the big gate."

"Cris came up while I was ringing to be let in. He went in himself, but would not let me enter."

"He's a reptile," said old Canham in his anger. "Eh, me!" he added, sitting down with difficulty in his arm-chair, and extending the crutch out before him, "what a mercy it would have been if poor Mr. Joe had lived! Chattaway would never have been stuck up in authority then. Better that the squire had left Trevlyn Hold to Miss Diana."

"They say he would not leave it to a woman."

"That's true, Master Rupert. And of his children there were but his daughters left. The two sons had gone. The heir Rupert first; he died abroad; and Mr. Joe, he went next."

"I say, Mark Canham, why did the heir, Rupert, go abroad?"

Old Canham shook his head.

"Ah, it was a bad business, Master Rupert. It's as well not to talk of it."

"But *why* did he go?" persisted Rupert.

"It was a bad business, I say. He, the heir, had fallen into wild ways, had got to like bad company, and that. He went out one night with some poachers—just for the fun of it. It wasn't on these lands. He meant no harm, but he was young and random, and he went out and put a gauze over his face as they did, just, I say, for the fun of it. Master Rupert, that night they killed a gamekeeper."

A shiver of dismay passed through Rupert's frame.

"*He* killed him do you mean?—my uncle Rupert Trevlyn!"

"No, it wasn't he that killed him—as was proved a long while afterwards. But you see at the time it wasn't known exactly who had done it; they were all in league, as may be said; all in the mess. Any way, the young heir, whether in his fear or his shame, perhaps both, went off in secret, and before many months had gone over, the bells here were tolling for him. He had died far away."

"But people never could have believed that he, a Trevlyn, killed a man?" said Rupert, indignantly.

Old Canham paused.

"You have heard of the Trevlyn temper, Master Rupert?"

"Who hasn't?" returned Rupert. "They say I have got a touch of it."

"Well, those that believe it laid it to that temper, you see. They thought the heir had been overtook by a fit of passion that wasn't to be governed, and might have done the mischief in it. In them attacks of passion a man is mad."

"Is he," abstractedly remarked Rupert, falling into a reverie. He had never before heard this episode in the history of the uncle whose name he bore—Rupert Trevlyn.

CHAPTER XIX.

NO BREAKFAST FOR RUPERT.

Old Canham stood at the door of his lodge, his bald head stretched out. He was gazing after one who was winding through the avenue, in the direction of Trevlyn Hold, one whom it was old Canham's delight to patronize and make much of in his humble way; whom he encouraged in all sorts of vain and delusive notions—Rupert Trevlyn. Could Mr. Chattaway have divined that bitter treason was talked against himself nearly every time Rupert dropped into the lodge, he might have tried hard to turn old Canham out of it. Harmless treason, however; consisting of rebellious words only. There was neither plotting nor hatching; old Canham and Rupert never glanced at that; both were perfectly aware that Chattaway held his place by a sure tenure, which could not be shaken.

Many years ago, before Squire Trevlyn died, Mark Canham had grown ill in his service. In his direct service he had caught the violent cold which ended in an incurable rheumatic affection. The squire settled him in the lodge, then just vacant, and allowed him five shillings a week. When the squire died, Chattaway would have undone this. He wished to turn the old man out again (but it must be observed in a parenthesis that though universally styled Old Canham, the man was less old in years than in appearance), and to place some one else in the lodge. I think, when there is no love lost between people, as the saying runs, each side is conscious of it. Chattaway disliked Mark Canham, and he had a shrewd suspicion that Mark returned the feeling with interest. But he found that he could not dismiss him from the lodge, for Miss Trevlyn put her veto upon it. She openly declared that Squire Trevlyn's act, in placing his old servant there, should be reverenced, she promised Mark that he should not be turned out of it so long as he lived. Chattaway had no resource but to bow to it; he might not cross Diana Trevlyn; but he did succeed in reducing the weekly allowance by just half. Half-a-crown per week was all the certain money enjoyed by the lodge since the time of Squire Trevlyn. Miss Diana sometimes gave a trifle from her private purse; and the gardener was allowed to make an occasional present of vegetables that were in danger of spoiling; at the beginning of winter, too, a load of wood would be stacked in the shed behind the lodge, through the kind forethought of Miss Diana. But it was not much altogether to keep two people upon; and Ann Canham was glad to accept of a day's hard work offered her at any of the neighboring houses, or to do a little plain sewing at home. Very fine sewing she could not do, for she suffered from her eyes; which were generally more or less inflamed.

Old Canham watched Rupert until the turnings of the avenue hid him from view, and then drew back into the room. Ann was busy with the breakfast. A loaf of oaten bread was on the clothless table, and a basin of skim milk, which she had just made hot, was placed before her father. A smaller cup of it served for her own share; and that constituted their breakfast. Three mornings a week Ann Canham had the privilege of fetching a quart of skim milk from the dairy at the Hold. Chattaway growled at the extravagance of the gift, but he did no more, for it was Miss Diana's pleasure that it should be supplied.

"Chattaway 'll go a bit too far, if he don't mind," observed Old Canham to his daughter, in relation to Rupert. "He must be of a bad nature, to lock him out of his own house. For the matter of that, however, he is of a bad one; and its knowed he is."

"It is not his own, father," Ann Canham ventured to say in dissent. "Poor Master Rupert haven't got no right to it now."

"It's a shame but what he had. Why! Chattaway has got no more moral right to that there fine estate than I have!" added the old man, holding out his left arm straight in the heat of argument, the arm that was not helpless. "If Master Rupert and Miss Maude were dead—if Joe Trevlyn had never left a child at all—there's others would have a right to it before Chattaway."

"But Chattaway has got it, father, and nobody can't alter it, or hinder his having it," sensibly returned Ann Canham. "You'll have your milk cold."

The breakfast hour at Trevlyn Hold was early, and when Rupert entered, he found most of the family down stairs. You will readily have understood that this was the morning following Rupert's locking out by Mr. Chattaway. He, Rupert, ran up stairs to his bedroom, where he washed, and refreshed himself as much as was possible after his hard night. He was one upon whom only a night's lack of bed would seriously tell. When he descended to the breakfast-room, they were all assembled except Cris and Mrs. Chattaway. Cris was given to lying in bed in a morning, and the self indulgence was winked at. Mrs. Chattaway also was apt to be behind-hand, coming down generally when the breakfast was nearly over.

Rupert took his place at the breakfast-table. Mr. Chattaway, who was at that moment raising his coffee cup to his lips, put it down and stared at him. As he might have stared had some stranger from the outside intruded and sat down among them.

"What do you want?" asked Mr. Chattaway.

"Want?" repeated Rupert, not understanding. "Only my breakfast."

"Which you will not get here," calmly and coldly returned Mr. Chattaway. "If you cannot come home to sleep at night, you shall not get your breakfast here in the morning."

"I did come home," said Rupert. "But I was not let in."

"Of course you were not. The household had retired."

"Cris came home after I did, and was allowed to enter," objected Rupert again.

"That is no business of yours," said Mr. Chattaway. "All you have to do is to obey the rules I lay down. And I will have them obeyed," he added, more sternly.

Rupert sat on, unoccupied. Octave, who was presiding at the breakfast table, did not give him any coffee; nobody attempted to hand him anything to eat. Maude was seated opposite to him; he could see that the unpleasantness was agitating her painfully; that her color went and came; that she toyed with her breakfast, but could not swallow it; least of all, dared she interfere to give even so much as a bit of dry bread to her ill-fated brother.

"Where did you sleep last night, pray?" inquired Mr. Chattaway, pausing in the midst of helping himself to some pigeon-pie, as he looked at Rupert to put the question.

"Outside," briefly and roughly answered Rupert. The unkindness seemed to be changing his very nature. It had continued long and long; it had been shown in many and various forms.

The master of Trevlyn Hold finished helping himself to the pie, and began eating it with great apparent relish. He was about half-way through the plateful when he again stopped to address Rupert, who was sitting in silence, nothing but the table cloth before him.

"You need not wait. If you stop there until mid-day, you'll get no breakfast. Gentlemen who sleep 'outside' do not break their fast in my house."

Rupert pushed back his chair, and rose. Happening to glance across at Maude, he saw that her tears were dropping silently. Oh, it was an unhappy home for them both! Rupert crossed the hall to the door; he thought he might as well depart at once for Blackstone. Fine as the morning was, the air, as he passed out, struck him with a chill, and he turned back to get an overcoat. Sitting up does not impart a sense of additional warmth to the frame.

It was in his bedroom. As he came down with it on his arm, Mrs. Chattaway was crossing the corridor to descend. She drew him inside her sitting-room.

"I could not sleep," she murmured; "I was awake nearly all night, grieving and thinking of you. Just before daylight I dropped into a sleep, and then I dreamt that you were running up to the door from the rising waves of the sea—which were rushing onwards to overtake you. I thought you were knocking at the door, and we could not get down to it in time, and the waters came on and on. Rupert, darling, all this is telling upon me. Why did you not come in?"

"I meant to be in, Aunt Edith; indeed I did; but I was playing at chess with George Ryle, and did not notice the time. It was but just turned half-past when I got here; Mr. Chattaway might have let me in without any great stretch of indulgence," he added, his tone one of bitterness. "So might Cris."

"What did you do?" she asked.

"I got in at old Canham's, and lay on their settle. Don't repeat this, or it may get the Canhams into trouble."

"Have you had breakfast yet?"

"I am not to have any."

The words startled her. "Rupert!"

"Mr. Chattaway ordered me from the table. The next thing, I expect, he will be ordering me from the house. If I knew where to go, I'd not stop in it another day. I would not, Aunt Edith."

"Have you had nothing—nothing?"

"Nothing. I'd go round to the dairy and get a draught of milk, but that I expect I should be told upon. I'm off to Blackstone now. Good-bye."

The tears were filling her eyes as she lifted them in their sad yearning. He stooped and kissed her.

"Don't grieve, Aunt Edith. You can't make it better for me. I have got the cramp like anything," he carelessly observed as he went off. "It is through lying in the cold on that hard settle."

"Rupert! Rupert!"

He turned back, half in alarm. The tone was one of painful, wild entreaty.

"You will come home to-night, Rupert?"

"Yes, depend upon me."

She remained a few minutes longer, to watch him down the avenue. He had put on his coat then, and went along with slow and hesitating steps; they did not seem like the firm, careless steps of a hearty frame, springing from a happy heart. Mrs. Chattaway pressed her hands upon her brow, lost in a painful vision. If his father, her once dearly-beloved brother Joe, could be looking on at the injustice done on earth, what would he think of the portion of it meted out to Rupert?

She descended to the breakfast-room. Mr. Chattaway had finished his breakfast and was rising. She kissed her children one by one; she sat down patiently and silently, smiling with outward cheerfulness. Octave passed her a cup of coffee, which was cold; and they asked her what she would take to eat. But she said she was not hungry that morning, and would eat nothing.

"Rupert's gone away without his breakfast, mamma," cried Emily. "Papa would not let him have it. Serve him right! He stayed out all night."

Mrs. Chattaway stole a glance at Maude. She was sitting pale and quiet, her bread-and-butter uneaten before her; her air that of one who has to bear some long, wearing pain.

"If you have finished your breakfast, Maude, you can be getting ready to take the children for their walk," said Octave, speaking with her usual assumption of authority—an assumption which Maude, at least, might not dispute.

Mr. Chattaway left the room, and ordered his horse to be got ready. He was going to ride over his land for an hour before proceeding to Blackstone. While the animal was being saddled, he rejoiced his eyes with his rich stores: the corn heaped in his barns, the fine ricks of hay in his rick-yard. All very satisfactory, very consoling to the covetous mind of the master of Trevlyn Hold.

He went out, riding hither and thither. Half an hour afterwards, when in the lane, spoken of previously, which skirted Mrs. Ryle's lands on the one side and his on the other, he saw another horseman before him. It was George Ryle. Mr. Chattaway touched his horse with the spur, and rode up to him at a hand gallop. George turned his head, saw it was Mr. Chattaway, and continued his way. That gentleman had been better pleased that George had stopped.

"Are you hastening on to avoid me, Mr. Ryle?" he called out, in his sullen temper. "You might have seen that I wished to speak to you, by the pace to which I urged my horse."

George reined in, and turned to face Mr. Chattaway.

"I saw nothing of the sort," he answered. "Had I known that you wanted me, I should have stopped; but it is no unusual circumstance for me to see you riding fast about your land."

"Well, what I have to say is this: that I'd recommend you not to get Rupert Trevlyn to your house at night, and to keep him there to unreasonable hours.

George paused.

"I do not understand you, Mr. Chattaway."

"Don't you?" retorted that gentleman. "I'm not talking Dutch. Rupert Trevlyn has taken to frequent your house of late: it's not altogether good for him."

"Do you fear that he will get any harm in it?" quietly asked George.

"I think it would be better for him that he should stay away. Is the Hold not sufficient for him to spend his evenings in, but he must seek amusement elsewhere? I shall be obliged to you not to encourage his visits."

Mr. Chattaway," said George, his face full of candor, as he turned it earnestly to that gentleman's, "it appears to me that you are laboring under some mistake, or you would certainly not speak to me as you are now doing. I do not encourage Rupert to my mother's house, in one sense of the word; I never press for his visits. When he does come, I shew myself happy to see him and make him welcome—as I should do by any other visitor. Common courtesy demands this of me."

"You do press for his visits," said Mr. Chattaway.

"I do not," firmly repeated George. "Shall I tell you why I do not? I have no wish but to be open in the matter. An impression has seated itself in my mind that his visits to our house displease you, and therefore I have not encouraged them."

Perhaps Mr. Chattaway was rather taken aback at this answer. At any rate, he made no reply to it.

"But to receive him courteously when he does come, I cannot help doing," continued George. "I shall do it still, Mr. Chattaway. If Trevlyn Farm is to be a forbidden house to Rupert, it is not from our side that the interdict shall come. So long as Rupert pays us these visits of friendship—and what harm you can think they do him, or why he should not pay them, I am unable to conceive—so long he will be met with a welcome."

"Do you say this to oppose me?"

"Far from it. If you will look at the case in an unprejudiced light, you may perhaps see that I speak in accordance with the commonest usages of civility. To shut the doors of our house on Rupert when there exists no reason why they should be shut—and most certainly he has given us none—would be a breach of good feeling and good manners that we might blush to be guilty of."

"You have been opposing me all the later years of your life, George Ryle. From that past time when I wished to place you with Wall and Barnes, you have done nothing but act in opposition to me."

"I have forgiven that," said George, pointedly, a glow rising to his face at the recollection. "As to any other opposition, I am unconscious of it. You have given me advice occasionally respecting the farm; but the advice has not in general tallied with my own opinion, and therefore I have not taken it. If you call that opposing you, Mr. Chattaway, I cannot help it."

"I see you have been mending that fence in the three-cornered paddock," remarked Mr. Chattaway, passing to another subject, and speaking in a different tone. Possibly, he had had enough of the last.

"Yes," said George. "You would not mend it, and therefore I have had it done. I cannot let my cattle get into the pound. I shall deduct the expense from the rent."

"You'll not," said Mr. Chattaway. "I won't be at the cost of a penny piece of it."

"Oh, yes, you will," returned George, equably. "The damage was done by your team, through your wagoner's carelessness, and the cost of making it good lies with you. Have you anything more to say to me?" he asked, after a pause. "I am very busy this morning."

"Only this," replied Mr. Chattaway, in a significant tone. "That the more you encourage Rupert Trevlyn, by making him a companion, the worse it will be for him."

George lifted his hat in farewell salutation: he could but be a gentleman, even to Chattaway. The master of Trevlyn Hold replied by an ungracious nod, and turned his horse back down the lane. As George rode on, he met Edith and Emily Chattaway—the children, as Octave had styled them—running towards him at full speed. They had seen their father, and were hastening after him. Maude came up more leisurely. George stopped to shake hands with her.

"You are looking pale and ill, Maude," he said, his low voice full of sympathy, his hand retaining hers. "Is it about Rupert?"

"Yes," she replied, striving to keep down her tears. "He was not allowed to come in last night. He has been sent away without breakfast this morning."

"I know all about it," said George. "I met Rupert just after he left the Hold, and he told me. I asked him if he would go to Nora for some breakfast—I could not do less, you know," added George, musingly, as if debating the question with himself. "But he declined. I am almost glad he did."

Maude was surprised.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because I have a notion in my mind—I have felt it for some time—that any attention shown to Rupert, no matter by whom, only makes his position worse with Chattaway. And Chattaway has now confirmed it, Maude, by telling me as much."

Maude's eyelids drooped over her eyes; she was trying to hide the gathering tears.

"Oh, how sad it is!" she exclaimed with emotion, "and for one in his week state! If he were but strong as the rest of us are, it would be of less vital import. I fear—I do fear that he must have slept under the trees in the avenue," she continued, lifting her eyes now in her distress, and forgetting what was in them. "Mr. Chattaway inquired where he had passed the night, and Rupert answered—"

"I can relieve your fears so far, Maude," interrupted George, glancing round, as if to make doubly sure that no undesirable ears were near. "He was at old Canham's."

Maude heaved a deep sigh in her relief.

"You are sure, George?"

"Yes, yes. Rupert told me so just now. He said how hard he found the settle. Mrs. Chattaway knows where he was."

"How can she know it?" exclaimed Maude. "She did not see him. Unless—unless Rupert saw her privately, and told her."

"That must have been it. He would not speak of it openly, you know, for fear of getting old Canham into Chattaway's bad books. Here come your charges back, Maude, so I will say good-bye."

She suffered her hand to linger in his, but her heart was too full to speak. George bent lower.

"Do not make the grief heavier than you can bear, Maude. It *is* grief—real grief; but happier times may be in store for Rupert—and for you."

He released her hand, and cantered down the lane; and the two girls came up, telling Maude that they should go home now, for they had walked long enough. And Maude might not attempt to oppose her will to that of her pupils.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Courtship is a ship that goes at the rate of so many lovers' knots an hour, and the faster it goes the sooner it reaches its destination, which is, of course, the United States, where a blessed union free from all discord and the prospect of future quarrelling or separation, awaits the happy couple!

☞ ELOQUENCE.—We like fine writing when it is properly applied; so we appreciate the following burst of eloquence in a contemporary:—"As the ostrich uses both legs and wings when the Arabian courser bounds in her rear—as the winged lightnings leap from the heavens when the thunderbolts are loosed—so does a little negro run when a big dog is after him."

☞ Those marriages generally prove the happiest when the affections of the young are blessed by the approbation of the wisdom of those older. The young alone are too blind for prudence, and the parents alone would be too cautious to be sufficiently trusting at times to favoring Providence and the unknown future. But where reasonable parents and reasonable young folks act with full confidence in each other's love, and confide in each other fully and frankly, there it is that future happiness is naturally to be expected.

☞ LOVE AFFAIRS.—A cynical Frenchman once said there are two parties to a love affair—the party who loves, and the party who consents to be so treated.

☞ The gallant Poles are using wooden guns in their battles with the Russians. Solid logs of wood are bored and made into guns, which do execution for half a dozen shots. It is not perhaps surprising that *Poles* should take to the woods for their artillery.

☞ EPIGRAMMATIC EPITAPH.—

"This corpse
Is Tommy Thorpe's. (First idea.)
"Revised edition—
"Thorpe's
Corpse."

☞ The people of Cape May county, (N. J.,) have been somewhat excited over a report of the discovery of Captain Kidd's treasure on the beach, arising from the finding of a trunk containing some small coins, washed ashore from a wreck. Poor Kidd! what a ubiquitous personage he must have been, and what a quantity of treasure he must have possessed, to bury it all over the world in this manner.

☞ A personal friend asked the President the other day if he really expected to end the war during his Administration. "Can't say—can't say, sir," was the response. The querist then said, "But, Mr. Lincoln, what do you mean to do?" "Peg away, sir—peg away—keep pegging away."

☞ A vow that you will not do this or that, shows conscious weakness and makes you ride behind yourself.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1863.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Broks of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

Apply at the Job Office, No. 106 Hudson's Alley, below Chestnut Street. (Hudson's Alley runs southwardly from Chestnut, between Third and Fourth Streets.)

TO SUBSCRIBERS IN ARREARS.

While we are in the custom of stopping the papers of all Club subscribers to THE POST at the expiration of the term for which they have paid, we have not been in the habit of doing so with all our two-dollar subscribers, especially those who have been on our books for a number of years.

We would beg these latter, however, to remember that the price of paper being so high, is an additional reason why they should forward their yearly subscriptions promptly. As yet we have made no advance in the price to single subscribers, though the cost of paper is double what it was, and far in excess of the advance in prices we have already made.

We trust therefore that all our subscribers who are in arrears will forward their subscriptions at once, and if they procure for us an additional subscriber or two, we shall esteem it as a favor.

POLAND.

By the late advices from Europe we see that the Polish revolution has not gone out like a candle with the defeat of the Dictator of the insurrectionary government, but that it still continues to burn, breaking out every now and then in new districts of the country.

We give this week an engraving of a party of Polish insurgents, armed with what almost may be styled their national weapon, the scythe; and also the first sketch of a series illustrative of the romantic history of that chivalric, oppressed, but often very unwise people.

It is a remark of Mr. Mason Jones, in his lecture on Garibaldi, and it is not the first time that such a remark has been made by those whose sympathy with the cause of freedom and liberal institutions is undoubted, that as a general thing, every people have as good a government as they deserve and are capable of maintaining. Neither Poland nor Italy need ever have been oppressed, had they been true to the dictates of justice and to themselves. But when great peoples forget in their selfishness or their folly the important principle of nationality, and allow themselves to value their particular Province, their particular class, or their particular family more than they value their name and fame as a nation, then the hour of their political servitude and degradation draws nigh.

The secret of the oppression of Greece, Italy and Poland lies simply in this provincial, class, and family selfishness. In Greece and Italy the people cared more for Sparta and Athens, and Rome and Naples, than they did for Italy and Greece. In Poland the nobles cared more for their aristocratic privileges than they did for their country. The result was that their powerful neighbors saw them divided in interest and feeling, and by playing off one province and party against another, soon brought them all into subjection,—and political clanship and class selfishness met with its just reward. Had these countries remained united, they might have defied the march of the conqueror.

Italy and Poland are well aware now of this truth, and all their efforts for freedom are based upon the union alike of the provinces and of classes. For many years, it is said, a great insurrectionary secret league has existed in Poland. The present troubles of Russia relative to her nobles and serfs, is probably considered by the heads of this secret league, Poland's opportunity. But a Russian conscription, which seemed designed to deprive Poland of the flower of her youth, was the immediate cause of the outbreak. This conscription is said to have been levelled, not against the peasantry, but against the young men of station and education, who were presumed to entertain ideas inimical to the interests of Russia. It was intended to be a crushing blow to that natural mental insubordination which tyrants in all ages have, with good reason, dreaded as their irreconcilable and invincible foe. In fact, its entire aim was the wholesale deportation of the prime of the youth of Poland to the dreary steppes of Southern Russia and the desolated ranges of the Caucasus.

What the result of the contest will be, seems to be yet uncertain, though the chances evidently are against the revolutionists. We trust that if no other result is obtained, this outbreak will prove to the Emperor of Russia the necessity of securing to the Poles that measure of constitutional liberty to which it is said Russia is pledged by her treaties with the other nations of Europe.

CHURCH'S NIAGARA.

It is a rule which has few exceptions that the first emotion of a visitor to Niagara,—to the real Falls,—is more or less mingled with disappointment. The temporary phase presented by a first view is seldom sufficient to fill the exalted idea which we have formed of it. It is not until we grow into the knowledge of the great Cataract, become familiar with the distant view of its mighty and massive sheet, the close neighborhood of its rush and roar, the portentous calm of the first downward sweep, the wild frenzy of the last shattering plunge, that we gather into one idea its many features of sublimity and beauty, and see and feel Niagara as it is.

This character of infinite change and conflicting variety of expressions would seem to present an insuperable bar to the possibility of representing by a picture anything more than a single phase of Niagara, no matter how great may be the genius of the painter or how faithful his treatment. In this belief we are still more confirmed after long and rapt study of Church's exquisite painting. It is beauty that predominates here, and awfulness and sublimity are almost lost in loveliness; such grace is in the curving, gushing masses of foam, such perfection of coloring in the pearly rainbowed tints that melt into each other in shimmering transparency. The masses of vaporous foam that veil the final plunge seem to eddy and drive aslant before us with a positive motion, but the appearance of downward velocity in the sheet of waters is not so forcibly given, except in the extreme left of the fall, where the lines carry the eye swiftly and irresistibly in their descent. The distant view of the green expanse of the Horseshoe Fall suggests effectively its vast extent.

All who can should embrace the opportunity of visiting Mr. Hazard's rooms while this "thing of beauty" remains to gladden their eyes.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MEDITATIONS ON DEATH AND ETERNITY. Translated from the German by FREDERICA ROWAN. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

This volume consists of selections from the German work "Stunden der Andacht,"—generally ascribed to Zschokke,—which was a constant favorite with the late Prince Consort of England. The present selection was made by Queen Victoria after her husband's death, and Miss Rowan employed by her to translate the essays. The tenor of the "Meditations" is tender and plaintive and deeply devotional. No novel and startling thoughts are presented in them, but we can believe them, in the touching words of the Queen's preface, to have "proved, to one in deep and overwhelming sorrow, a source of comfort and edification." To many readers they will, however, owe their chief interest to their association with the memory of the late Prince, and with the royal mourner whose black-robed figure in the midst of England's late festivities was almost more interesting than that of gallant bridegroom or lovely bride.

MADGE; or Night and Morning, by H. B. G. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

☞ ARITHMETIC.—"How do you get along with your arithmetic?" asked a father of his little boy. "I've ciphered through addition, partition, subtraction, distraction, abomination, justification, hallucination, damnation, amputation, creation and adoption." He'd do for an engineer on a "Short Line Railroad."

☞ SUFFICIENTLY COOKED.—A gentleman at table remarked that he could not endure fish, unless it was well cooked. "This," said the waiter (as he handed him a plate of the desired dish), is, I hope, sufficiently cooked to suit, sir?" "Well, yes," replied the gentleman, as he tasted it, "it is done a good *eel* better than I anticipated it would be."

☞ INCORRUPTIBLE.—"Sedley," said Charles II., "look me out a man who can't be corrupted. I have sent three treasurers to the North, and they have all turned thieves." "Well, your majesty, I recommend Mivert." "Mivert, you dog!" said Charles. "Why, Mivert is a thief already!" "Therefore he cannot be corrupted, your majesty," said Sedley.

☞ INDOMITABBE.—A woman will never acknowledge to a defeat. You may conquer her, you may bring her on her knees, you may wave over her head the very flag of victory, but still she will not acknowledge she is beaten.

☞ One of our art students thinks that Nicholas *Poussin*, the Frenchman, was the very *purr fection* of painters. *Cat egorical*, that is to say.

☞ According to the French, a seamstress can never eat a mouthful without being reminded of her labor—every *bit* being *more-sew*, (*morceau*.)

☞ Housekeeper: "What is the meaning of this venison steak on the butcher's book, Bridget? I haven't seen it on the table." Cook: "Why, you see, ma'am, it wasn't the upper table at all; James can't abear mutton' so I had to git a bit o' venison for him."

SKETCHES OF POLISH HISTORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY G. D. B.

I.

In order fully to comprehend the causes of the misfortunes which have befallen the Polish nation, it is necessary to consider the original of its institutions, and the changes which they underwent from the first permanent settlement of Sarmatia up to the time, when weakened by internal dissensions, it fell a prey to the covetousness of its powerful neighbors.

Out of the chaos which followed the dismemberment of the Roman Empire there gradually arose many independent communities, differing in manners and language, yet most all partaking of the same general character. The influence of Christianity and of civilized society tempered the ferocity of the conquerors of the fabric of Augustus, and in the fertile fields of Italy, and Gaul, on the shores of northern Africa, and amidst the sierras of Spain, the Ostro-goth, the Frank, the Vandal, and the Visigoth were content to lay aside their nomadic habits, and to assume the manners, dress and language of their Roman slaves. This intermixture of the northern, forest-born customs with the refinements of the civil law gave birth to a system of jurisprudence, which culminated in the Feudal structure, and traces of which are still visible in the constitutions of many of the states of Western Europe. In the East a narrow circle marked the confines of the once omnipotent Empire, preserved from utter annihilation only by the strong walls of the city of Constantine, which for centuries presented an insurmountable bulwark to the hordes who followed with blind enthusiasm the standards of the successors of their great prophet.

Whilst the Persian and the Turk hung like birds of prey over the dying Empire of the East, and whilst a new Constantine was reconsolidating the provinces of the West, the hiatus left on the northern side of the Danube was being filled with fresh emigrants from the populous regions of Tartary. Sarmatia was the "valley of passengers;" successive waves of barbaric invaders had swept across its territory, pressing onward to revel in the spoils which awaited them on the other side of the Danube and the Rhine; and finally it received its permanent population from a Sclavonic tribe, probably identical with that which settled the country lying eastward of it, now embraced in the Russian Empire. But the various migrations of the nations which occupied the territories of Northern Europe, are so wrapt in obscurity, that even the labors of a Gibbon and a De Buat have not been able satisfactorily to determine the precise limits of their different dominions.

In the free air of Sarmatia a race of shepherds lived in wild independence, uncontaminated by the vices of Southern Europe, and their manners unaltered during the progress of many generations. They wandered with their cattle, families, and scanty household furniture hither and thither over their vast uncultivated plains, as fancy or the allurements of superior pasturage dictated. Pitching their tents by the side of some limpid stream, they left their cattle to graze in the rich meadows, whilst their wives and Roman slaves performed those menial tasks in which their masters disdained to engage. Mounted on fleet horses of the "Ukraine breed," covered with barbaric ornament, carrying in their hands their terrible cimeter, they broke in on the peaceful settlers of the Roman border, spreading terror and destruction; and retreating in safety to their native wilds, gloried in their achievements, and defied the revenge of the prefects of the provinces. In this state of combined pastoral monotony, and warlike excitement, in peace and in tumult, amidst the clashing of arms, and the gurgling of brooks those principles of an aristocratic supremacy and equality, to which the Polish nobility have ever clung such a tenacious hold, were originated and fostered. Each of the nation as he sat upon his charger, whose spirit was as dauntless as his own, claimed as his *free-doom* that liberty of action which belongs to a state of nature anterior to the formation of society. But the consciousness of their individual weakness and mutual dependency must soon lead even the fiercest of mankind to unite for self-preservation; and, therefore, we find the fierce shepherds of Sarmatia forming themselves into principalities, each under a chief, who derived all his authority from the acquiescence of his subjects, from whom he was distinguished only by superior wealth and greater brilliancy of personal adornments. Thus divided into independent provinces, without any bond of union or sympathy existing between them, Sarmatia suffered all the horrors of oppression and intestine warfare How could there be prosperity where rival chiefs sought by dint of arms to encroach on each others' possessions, and where a proud and reckless aristocracy trampled on the rights of an ignorant and impoverished peasantry? The scenes here enacted were similar to those which were displayed on the theatre of France previous to the accession of the house of Capet to the throne of that great kingdom. As in France so in Poland the oppressed populace strove by the creation of a central power to curb the injustice of their immediate masters; and the elevation of Cracus to the dukedom of an united country threw a ray of hope over the opening years of the eighth century. But the results of this centralization of power were not equal to the wishes and expectations of its authors, for the Duke had little authority save that which was delegated to him by the turbulent and jealous nobility, and he could only claim the title of "*Primus inter pares.*" In their isolated situation, undisturbed by external affairs, the nobles furiously resisted the slightest encroachments on their ancient rights, and the feeble monarchs, destitute of support, gradually yielded to the pressure which they had endeavored to withstand, and parting with the substance only retained the shadow of a royal prerogative.

The city of Cracow perpetuates the name of the first Polish Duke, but the events of his reign are concealed in the obscurity of ages. His posterity having failed, a peasant named Piastus was, in the year 823, elevated to the ducal dignity; but the motives, which prompted the nobility to consent to the election of one of that portion of humanity which they oppressed and despised, are not discoverable; but certainly the event proved the wisdom of the selection. In a long and auspicious reign the illustrious peasant curbed the passions of his subjects, exalted the central power, ameliorated the condition of his own caste; and died at the advanced age of one hundred and twenty years beloved, feared, and regretted. With such pleasure and gratitude did the nation regard his memory that each succeeding native monarch accepted as an honorable title, at his coronation, the name of Piast, just as the Roman emperors added to their own, often barbarous names, the title of Cæsar or Augustus.

The history of the immediate successors of the long lived Duke is enthralled in much obscurity, and it is not until the reign of Boleslas that we can discover any traces of that authenticity which is so essential to historical narrative, and even the accounts of his times are not a little confused. At the age of twenty-five years he ascended the throne, expelled from the dukedom his two brothers, who were joint heirs with himself; assumed the title of King, and boldly declared his intention to maintain the royal prerogative. This event happened in the year 992, when the chair of St. Peter was filled by Gregory V., who refused to place the crown on the head of the new monarch. Boleslas earnestly commenced to reform the abuses which were prevalent in the kingdom; and by disciplining the armies, and training, in person, selected youth of the nation, he was soon prepared to enlarge the bounds of his territory. Prussia, Moravia, and Bohemia, were invaded, conquered, and annexed, and had his ambition been commensurate with his power, he might have established himself in Russia and Lithuania. But his fame as a warrior and conqueror is eclipsed by the memory of his exertions to ensure to his people the blessings of liberty and justice. With his own eyes he inspected the reports of the investigations of the magistrates; and a council of twelve of the wisest men of the kingdom visited yearly the different provinces, inquiring into the condition of the peasantry, hearing their complaints, and striving to restrain the cruelty of the aristocratic task-masters. Soon after he had solemnly crowned himself in the presence of an assembly of Christian bishops, who prudently acknowledged him to be the lawful ruler of the monarchy of Poland, in the forty-eighth year of his age this great King gave up the ghost. His successor, Boleslas II, having married the heiress of Red Russia, that province was added to the Polish dominions.

The reigns of the Piasts after the death of Boleslas present but little attractive history, until we reach the name of Casimir III., the "Father of the Peasantry;" which title leads us to consider more particularly the condition of the two great classes into which the inhabitants of Poland have ever been divided. The nobility were originally the proprietors of the soil, and with their estates claimed the possession of the boors who inhabited them. Disdaining any industrial or commercial employment they retained the profession of arms as their peculiar birthright; too proud to combat on foot they formed a body of cavalry inferior to none in the world as far as valor, personal appearance, and excellence of horses availed; but their independent spirit was destructive to discipline, and their fierce charges were of little avail against the death vomiting cannon, and solid ranks of the Russian armies. Clinging with blind constancy to their ancient customs, they sacrificed their country to their pride; impatient of control, they, who should have been the conservators, were the outragers of the public peace. Freedom from arrest before conviction of crime, was one of their cherished privileges, and the more powerful could violate justice with impunity. In their ceaseless contests with the monarchs whom they suffered to reign they ever exhibited the same firmness of purpose to deny that any Prince by hereditary right could rule over the Polish nation. So far was this principle carried that they admitted of no distinctions among the members of their own order, except such temporary ones as were necessary for the administration of the government, and even these they regarded with great distrust and jealousy.

The peasantry, on the other hand, were the subjects of a merciless slavery, which condemned their bodies to menial labor and their minds to eternal darkness. With no hopes and no aspirations; ignorant and debased, debarred from commerce, destitute, for the most part, of mechanical skill, they passed their years of bondage in patient toil; for, having never tasted of the blessings of liberty, they were ignorant of its sweet savor.

Commerce and the industrial pursuits thus abandoned by the nobility, and forbidden to the peasantry, fell into the hands of the Jews; and it is said "that at least one half the whole descendants of Abraham are to be found in what formerly were the Polish dominions."

To alleviate the sufferings of the populace, Casimir exerted his utmost powers; but with little success. The enactment of a fine as a penalty for the murder of a peasant was but a slight check on the violence of the grandees, who regarded the former class in the light of chattels, which could be exchanged or annihilated at their owner's pleasure; and by force or duplicity they easily abrogated or evaded all the regulations of the benevolent monarch, who in vain strove by raising a middle class of society to balance the power of the proud aristocracy.

On the decease of Casimir without leaving issue, his nephew, Louis of Hungary, ascended the throne, but in the reign of this Prince all the advantages which his ancestors had gained were recovered by the nobility, who exacted from him certain conditions, which ever after remained as the fundamental principles of the Polish Constitution. Louis left no male heir. After a dominion of four hundred years the Piasts were extinct.

Despairing of agreeing on a native sovereign, the Polish nobility offered the vacant throne to Ladislaus Jagellon, Duke of Lithuania, who solemnly ratified the conditions which had been extorted from his predecessor. With this reign commences the dawn of the era of the so-called Polish Republic.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

☞ QUEER EPISTLE.—The following is a copy of a letter sent to the clerk of a parish church in Gloucester:—"Mister, my wief is ded, and wants to be berrid; dig a griefe for her, and she shall come and be berrid to-morrow, at wonner o'clock. You knows where to dig it, close to my other wief; but let it be dip (deep)."

☞ A BWACE OF WIDDLES, BY LORD DUNDWEAWY.—Why are my widdles like a poor man's which welations?—Becauth, don't you thee, they're never to be found *in*. Stop! I mean becauth they're always found *out*. He! he! ha! ha! Why have fellahs, when they get mawwied, no weason to complain of their wives being flighty?—Becauth, you know, they always give them wedding-wings. Ha! ha! he! he!

☞ They beat all creation on beets in California. A red beet raised there weighed 118 pounds, and was five feet long and a foot in diameter. It kept on growing for three years, without going to seed.

☞ An editor from the rural districts remarks that a married lady has favored him with the following statistical report from her section: "Bachelors henpecked by their housekeepers, 3,185. Pestered by legacy-hunting relatives, 1,736. Devoured by *ennui* and selfish cares, 5,604. Troubled by nephews and nieces, 1,883. Crabbed, cross-grained, desolate, in life's decline, 5,384. Happy, none. Old maids will subsequently be taken into consideration.

☞ A servant-girl, who was employed to pickle her master's cabbages, took the opportunity to cabbage her master's pickles. She is the same one who was happy and careless when she was young, and cappy and hairless when she was old."

☞ THAT'S A GOOD 'UN.—Some one was telling Sam about the longevity of the mud turtle. "Yes," said Sam, "I know all about that, for once I found a venerable old fellow in a meadow, who was so old that he could scarcely wiggle his tail, and on his back was carved (tolerably plain, considering all things,) these words, 'Paradise, Year 1, Adam.'"

☞ REIGNING BY CANDLE-LIGHT.—Among the addresses presented upon the accession of James I, was one from the ancient town of Shrewsbury, wishing his majesty might reign as long as the sun, moon, and stars endured. "Faith, mon," said the King to the person who presented it, "if I do, my son, then, must reign by *candle-light.*"

☞ BITTER REMARK.—Madame R——, who is still a coquette in her advanced maturity, came to a private evening party, after eleven o'clock. "How late you are, my charmer!" said the mistress of the house to her, reprovingly. "I am quite ashamed," answered Madame R——; "but my maid is so very slow; she takes more than an hour and a-half to do my hair." "Fortunately," observed one of her friends, "you are not obliged to stay at home whilst she is doing it."

☞ And Adam saith—"This is now bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh; she shall be called woman, because she was taken out of man. Therefore shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave unto his wife They shall be one flesh." No Cards.

☞ The course of a true woman is that of the gentle streams, which, without cataracts or noise, come softly down from their secret fountains in the hills, and indicate their presence only by the deeper verdure of the meadows they water and the sweet flowers that fringe their borders.

THE DAMAGES TO THE MONITORS.

The private letters from persons in the fleet give more definite details of the condition of the iron-clads than the official despatches. The correspondent of the Boston Journal, writing on board the steamer Nantasket, off Charleston, April 7th, describes the condition of the monitors, after the fight of that day, as follows:—

"All right, nobody hurt, ready for them again," was the hearty response of Captain Geo. Rodgers, of the Catskill, as I stepped upon the slushed deck of that vessel and grasped the hand of her wide awake commander. He had received about thirty shots. One 200-pounder, thrown evidently from a barbette gun, had fallen with tremendous force upon the deck, bending, but not breaking or penetrating, the iron. On the sides, on the turret and on the pilot-house were indentations like saucers, but there was no sign of serious damage.

The Nahant comes down to her anchorage with a gashed smoke-stack. Going on board, we found that eleven of her officers and crew had received contusions from the flying of bolt-heads in the turret. One shot had jammed the lower ridge of her turret, interfering with its revolution. She had been struck forty times; but, aside from the loss of a few bolt-heads, a diminished draft to her chimney, and the slight jam upon the turret, already mentioned, and the injuries received by the crew, was unharmed. Her armor was intact.

The other monitors had each a few bolts started. Four gun-carriages needed slight repairs, injured, not by the enemy's shot, but by their own recoil. One small-sized shot had ripped up the plating of the Patapsco and pierced the wood-work beneath. This was the only shot out of the twenty-five hundred or three thousand supposed to have been fired from the forts which penetrated the monitors!

The Weehawken had received three heavy shots upon her side, the indentations close together. The plates were badly bent, but the shot had fallen as harmlessly as pebbles upon the side of a barn.

The Ironsides had received thirty balls, all of which had been turned by her armor. She was about one thousand yards from the fort. One 150-pound shot fell upon the sand bags on her deck, doing no damage.

Under date of April 8th, the correspondent remarks:—

The Passaic's turret revolves. Workmen have straightened the gun-slides, and the five guns which were temporarily disabled by little things are all right. I am astonished to find the fleet in so excellent a condition.

CHARLESTON TO BE AGAIN ATTACKED.

The Washington correspondent of the *N. Y. Commercial* intimates that the President is not pleased with the culmination of the six months of preparation for the reduction of Charleston, into two hours' fighting.

It is no secret, says the letter, that the reconnoissance which accomplished so little is to be followed by a *bona fide* attack, which is to be continued so long as an iron-clad can fire a gun.

Another letter to the same paper says the Diplomats have received unofficial intimations that President Lincoln intends to have Charleston re-occupied by the United States authorities.

There is much comment in Washington on the fact of General Hunter having remained an idle spectator of the reconnoissance.

Richmond papers of the 16th contain the following:—

"All was quiet in Charleston. The enemy occupies Coles, Kiawah and Seabrook islands, in considerable force, being protected by the gun-boats. Their transports have left."

NEWS ITEMS.

A REMEDY for poisoning by strychnine and mushrooms is announced in England. It consists in making the patient eat large quantities of refined sugar, and in desperate cases opening a vein and injecting sugared water. Its effects are to oxygenate the blood and restore the circulation.

THE Sacramento Union makes the following startling announcement. That no one was hurt is the greatest wonder:—"The schooner Commodore sailed yesterday morning for San Francisco, firing a parting salute *of one gun, with forty cords of wood and eighteen tons of flour, from Knight's Landing.*"

CAPT. ALDEN, of the sloop-of-war Richmond, discovered a new plan of producing artificial moonlight, while attempting recently to pass Port Hudson on a dark night. He whitewashed the decks, and the consequence was that the heaps of shell, cannister, &c, stood out in bold relief, giving the seamen no trouble to lay hands upon them when wanted, and being of no use to the enemy.

THREE thousand pounds of Illinois cotton, raised in Washington county, was sold a few days since in Boston at eighty-seven and a half cents per pound. Cotton bids fair to become a permanent article of export from Southern Illinois.

A PENSION of fifty dollars per month has been granted to the widow of the late Gen. Isaac I. Stevens, who fell at the second battle of Bull Run.

OUR troops have crossed the Rappahannock under Generals Stoneman, Averill, McGregg, and Sir Percy Wyndham, and have advanced into Culpepper county, Virginia. The main body of the rebel Army of Virginia is now operating near Newbern, Suffolk, and Williamsburg. The rebels are sending troops to the South West daily by railroad.

END OF THE WORLD.—The date of the end of the world is satisfactorily fixed for the year 1886. There is an ancient prediction, repeated by Nostradamus in his "Centuries," which says that when St. George shall crucify the Lord, when St. Mark shall raise him, and St. John shall assist at his ascension, the end of the world shall come. In the year 1886 it will happen that Good Friday falls on St. George's day, Easter Sunday on St. Mark's day, and Holy Thursday or Ascension day will be also the feast of St. John the Baptist.

NEW ALBANY, Indiana, is considered a poor place to die in, as the Ledger, of that place, gives the pleasant information that the road to the cemetery is entirely impassable, in carriages, on foot or on horseback, and that consequently nobody can be buried if he dies. It is supposed that the good people of New Albany, under such a painful state of circumstances, have concluded to defer dying until this blockade lets up, unless before demise they make preparations for being mummied.

COFFEE SUBSTITUTES—ANOTHER.

To the lover of strong, pure coffee, no substitute can be offered that will exactly fill its place. But there are several preparations which may be used as drink, and that answer very well where the milk or cream and sugar are the most desirable parts of the ingredients. Boiled milk, (which is always better than raw milk, for tea as well as coffee,) if well sweetened and creamed, may be flavored with a variety of essences or compounds to suit the tastes of different persons, according to habit. Dandelion root is considerably used now, but it is a medicinal root, and should be reserved to use only as medicine. Chicory root, burned, approaches most nearly in flavor and effects to the genuine coffee, but it is not a safe drink. Continued free use of chicory will seriously affect the nerves, the digestive organs, and ultimately the whole system. We have accounts of the worst consequences resulting to chicory drinkers in Germany—quite equalling those produced by alcoholic liquors drank to excess.

Rye, bread, corn, corn meal, barley, peas, etc., have each their advocates, and they answer a good purpose where the taste has not been confirmed for genuine coffee. Just now there are a multitude of manufacturers of "Rye Coffee," "Barley Coffee," "Dandelion Coffee," etc., and each one seems to be doing a good business. They get almost everybody to *try* one parcel, and this alone makes a large business. We have examined several of these compounds, some of them recommended quite strongly by those who have purchased and tried them. A careful analysis of some of the most popular "rye coffees," and "barley coffees" so called, show that they contain disguised chicory, and that they are flavored with burnt sugar. Any one using a home-made coffee of rye, barley, etc., will find a material improvement in the flavor if they smear the grain before burning with a little syrup made with sugar and water.

The best home-made coffee substitute, among all the numerous specimens recently sent to the *Agriculturist* office by subscribers and others, is a sample forwarded by Mr. Eleazer Latham, of Suffolk county, N. Y., which he calls "Long Island Coffee." It yields a quite pleasant-flavored drink, especially when used—as we always use coffee—with a large amount of boiled milk, cream, and sugar, *q. s.* The directions furnished by Mr. L. are to take *coarse* fresh ground WHEAT BRAN, sifted clean from flour and fine particles of bran or middlings (literally wheat shells,) and moisten two pounds of it with about a half pint of good molasses mixed with the same amount of water. Then roast slowly in a pan until well browned. He adds the suggestion, which we think a good one, that the flavor will be improved by using sugar instead of molasses; that is, moisten the bran with sugar syrup. For use, take about double the quantity that would be required of genuine coffee. Some chicory or real coffee may be added, when a less quantity will be needed. Bran is cheap, about a cent a pound, and there is a good deal of "nourishment" in it, as well as a peculiar oil, that when roasted has an agreeable flavor. Indeed, it is the skin or shell of grain, as rye, barley, etc., that gives the chief flavor to the liquids made from them; the inner portion is mainly starch, which, when burned brown, is similar to charcoal or the same as burned bread coffee.

Judging from several trials of the box kindly forwarded (express paid) by Mr. Latham, we think he has done good service to those desiring a palatable, cheap, and safe substitute for coffee. His suggestions about using sugar instead of molasses, is worth noting, as we detect a little of the disagreeable flavor of the molasses in the sample. We recommend the "Long Island Coffee," to general use, at least until something better is found. Several trials may be required to get the right proportion of sugar, and the proper degree of parching or roasting. A little overburning of even a small part of a batch, may render the whole bitter or disagreeable, the same as is the case with the real coffee.—*American Agriculturist*

RATIO OF SOLDIERS TO POPULATION.—The following table shows the ratio of the number of soldiers furnished thus far by each state to the population of the state. In Kansas, it would appear that one-fourth of the entire male population has gone to the war. The states are arranged in the order of their ratio:—

Kansas	1 to 7.30	Massachus't	1 to 17.06
Rhode Is'nd	1 to 11.10	New York	1 to 17.53
Illinois	1 to 12.63	N. Hamp're	1 to 17.86
Indiana	1 to 13.15	Wisconsin	1 to 18.23
Ohio	1 to 13.30	Kentucky	1 to 20.29
Iowa	1 to 13.59	Maine	1 to 20.24
Pennsyl'nia	1 to 14.54	New Jersey	1 to 22.40
Minnesota	1 to 14.65	Delaware	1 to 22.44
Michigan	1 to 15.61	Missouri	1 to 31.02
Connecticut	1 to 16.12	Oregon	1 to 51.56
Vermont	1 to 16.58	California	1 to 54.35
Western Va.	1 to 16.75	Maryland	1 to 64.70

GUICCIOLI (Byron's old flame,) it is said is writing the poet's life. It will be curious to see that chequered career from such a stand-point of view. A contemporary says of Guiccioli: "She is sixty years old, wears a flaxen wig, false teeth and rouge, is a married woman, and is vain enough to believe she is still handsome."

THE INDIANOLA.—There can be no question now as to the fate of this gun-boat. Her wheelhouse is to be seen above the water opposite Carthage. She was blown up at the sight of a coalbarge, which the rebs thought was a "turreted monster" coming down to recapture her.

LATEST NEWS.

WASHINGTON, April 18.—Rumors have been circulating here during the last twenty-four hours that our forces have driven the enemy from and occupy Gordonsville. But it is ascertained, after inquiry in the proper quarters, that there is nothing authentic to sustain such reports. The rebels, however, say that large bodies of Union cavalry are moving up the river (Aquia creek) for a movement of importance.

NASHVILLE, April 19.—There is great excitement in the city to-night, in consequence of a rumored attack by the rebels under Van Dorn. The Ordnance Department has issued arms to all the employes in the Quartermaster's Department, by order of Gen. Rosecrans.

Gen. Foster has arrived at Newbern, having run the blockade of the rebel batteries on the river, in the steamer Escort. The pilot was killed, and several men were wounded. Gen. Naglee is at Newbern.

A letter in the Richmond Whig reports that there was a fight at Kelly's Ford, about twenty-five miles above Fredericksburg. The rebels say that our troops under Gen. Stoneman were repulsed.

The rebels still continue to annoy our troops at Suffolk. Deserters say they intend a grand attack shortly. The roads between that place and Norfolk are well guarded.

The Richmond Dispatch has a rumor that the rebels have taken Fort Magruder at Williamsburg, with 1,000 prisoners; that they have surrounded our forces at Suffolk and cut off their communication with Norfolk. The reported fight at Kelly's Ford is confirmed.

Richmond papers of the 17th say that our troops at Lake Providence have moved to Vicksburg and Granada. They also admit the recapture by our forces of New Carthage. The rebel government warehouses at Branchville have been destroyed by fire.

The squadron on the Nansemond river has been reinforced.

From San Francisco we learn that the French have been engaged in bombarding Puebla, the Mexicans replying. The city still holds out.

☞ The Geneva Gazette says the following is a copy of an advertisement, posted in a conspicuous place on a manufacturing establishment in that village:—"Wanted—Four industrious young men wich to marry four respectable young ladies who enjoy a fortune of three hundred dollars each,—to evade the draft. Inquire within."

☞ It is better to be laughed at for not being married than to be unable to laugh because you are.

☞ Paper is so scarce in the South that the editor of the *Morning Traitor* writes his editorials with stolen chalk on the sole of his boot, and goes barefooted while his boy sets up the manuscript!

☞ "Jemmie," said one Irishman to another, the first time he saw a locomotive, "What is that snorting baste?" "Shure, I don't know," was the reply, "unless it's a stameboat splurgin' to get to wather."

☞ One who did not understand French, would naturally suppose, when he read of *blase* people, that they would be fiery-tempered instead of languid. So much for the miserable business of the Tower of Babel.

☞ There is dew in one flower and not in another—because one opens its cup and takes it in, while the other closes itself and the drops run off.

☞ A man out in Indiana, got a divorce from his wife because she went skating against his wishes! He concluded to let her slide.

☞ Mr. Hittell, in his work on California, says the total gold yield of that state has not been less than *seven hundred millions of dollars*. There is precious metal enough yet undeveloped, in this country, to pay the entire war debt.

☞ The Grand Rapids Eagle man says he wouldn't mind the high price of wood so much, if all his neighbors hadn't taken to the disgusting habit of locking their wood-house doors at night.

☞ "How well he plays for one so young," said Mrs. Partington, as the organ boy performed with the monkey near the door; "and how much his little brother looks like him, to be sure."

☞ Peace makes plenty, plenty makes pride, pride breeds quarrel, and quarrel brings war; war brings spoil, and spoil poverty; poverty patience, and patience peace. So peace brings war, and war brings peace.

☞ How many legs would a dog have, if you called his tail one? "Five, of course." "No; only four. It wouldn't make his tail a leg to call it one."

☞ An alum spring and a great bed of the substance itself, as pure as the imported article, has been discovered in Grenada Territory.

☞ Gail Hamilton, in the Atlantic Monthly for April, says: "The man who gave rubber boots to women did more to elevate woman than all the theorizers, male or female, that ever were born."

☞ An insatiable lover must have been Catullus, a Roman poet, who was asked by Lesbia, how many of her kisses would satisfy him, and replied—"As many as there are sands in the deserts, or stars in the Heavens."

☞ "Mother," said a bright-eyed little boy, as he saw an inebriate staggering down street, "mother, did God make that man?" "Yes, my child." "Well," said the little fellow after a moment or two of thoughtfulness, "I wouldn't."

☞ In Chili, at the table d'hote of the leading hotels, gentlemen smoke between the courses, and at intervals along the table are placed little three-legged metal cups, containing coals of fire, by which to light the cigarites.

GONE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY E. M. PRATT.

The chill Death-Angel stood
Upon our threshold long in meditative mood,
As doubting which should be
Of our loved ones led upward to Eternity.
He saw our flooded eyes
Turned pleadingly toward the White Throne beyond the skies;
He heard our piteous prayer,
"Oh, Thou, dear God! in mercy our beloved spare!"
And stayed awhile his hand:
Not long: he entered soon, at God's All-Wise command,
And when again he spread
His mighty wings for flight our little boy was dead.
Ah, me! we are so lone!
Our little singing bird is mute,—our dear love's gone!
How widely our thoughts roam,—
"When this task ends then I will haste to lead him home."
Alas! it may not be:
He is not now, as it was oft our joy to see,
At merry busy play;
On yon cold hill-side sleeps our little boy to-day.
No more his hastening feet
Will bring him, with his morning kiss and smile, to greet
Our fond, expectant eyes;
Deep in his little grave all cold and dead he lies.
Not dead! but gone before!
Our darling is not lost, though he return no more.
God has him safe at home;
And in that Heavenly Land he waits until we come.

A PERFECT TREASURE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I saw the carriage drive away with an indifference that now strikes me with amazement, an utter blindness to "coming events," that tells but little to the credit of my powers of prophecy. I smiled, actually smiled at the dewy eyes that looked into mine from under the shade of Hettie's travelling bonnet, and cracked my fingers at the baby, as if the world had no care for me. Miserable, deluded mortal, my eyes were to be too soon opened to my desolation.

We had been married eighteen months, and this was our first parting; but Hettie's sister was to be married, and Hettie was peremptorily summoned to the wedding. Of course she could not leave baby, and of course baby must have Lizzie. Lizzie, be it known, is an old servant of Hettie's mother's, who was promoted six months ago to the honorable post of nurse to Charlie, Junior. Since her increase of duties, Hettie has solemnly declared every day, that we must have another servant, and when the invitation came for the wedding, this important article was secured. She had never lived in this city before, but brought what Hettie called *such* letters from New York, and we engaged her. Three days proved her a perfect treasure, and my little wife left me to go to her mother's with a heart free from all care on the housekeeping question.

I went into the house whistling! and it did not choke me!

"Nora!" this was the name of the perfect treasure, "I shall send home dinner; have it ready at two exactly."

Nora said something from the depths of the kitchen, and I departed. It was very early, for Hettie had taken the first morning train; but somehow the house looked forlorn, with no blue-eyed mistress, and no crowing baby, so I rushed to the store to accomplish an unheard of sight of work, sending home, on my way, a good dinner,—roast of beef, early peas, new potatoes, and strawberries.

As dinner time drew near, I found myself unconsciously expecting a romp with baby, and Hettie's bright welcome, but I said pshaw! and felt better. Yet I will not deny that I was glad to meet two old cronies of my bachelor days, and ask them to dine with me.

A laughing battery was opened upon me, on my newly acquired liberty, but unaware of what was to come, I laughed too.

"Dinner, Nora!" I cried, as I crossed the entry. Five minutes, ten, twenty, half an hour, three-quarters later, and no summons to dinner. With an apology, I went to ascertain the cause.

"Where's the dinner, Nora?"

"On the fire," came sulkily from the kitchen.

"Why ain't it on the table?"

"Sure the fire is low."

"What's the matter, Charlie?" cried Ned Hayes, from the parlor.

"Are we in the way, old fellow?" shouted Will Lee.

"Not a bit of it," I called back. "I'm only hurrying dinner."

"Do, that's a good fellow, for I must be off," said Ned.

"Come, Nora, you must serve dinner!" I cried hastily, and then ran down into the kitchen. My invaluable servant was "bringing up the fire," she informed me, to the startled "What *are* you doing?" that greeted her proceedings. First she threw in a pound of butter on a pile of blazing paper, then followed two pork chops, and a can of oil was in her hand when I rushed at her.

"Are you insane, woman?" I cried.

She turned an impudent but sleepy face on me.

"Hey! What do you men know? You go 'long, I'll get dinner."

I could not actually assert from my own experience that this was not the orthodox way to kindle a fire, but the roar of the blazing fat, the sickening smell, and blinding smoke were certainly something I had never met with under Hettie's rule.

"How near is dinner ready?" I asked, and then my eyes fell on the table, where all I had ordered stood perfectly raw.

"I had claning to do!" said Nora, in answer to my angry exclamation.

"What can you give us *now?*" I asked.

"Sure I'll cut yees a steak, and fry some petaties and make a cup of coffee."

She looked sorry, and set about these preparations with such sudden alacrity, that I swallowed my wrath and returned to my friends. We tried to make a joke of it, but we were hungry and miserable. At last the welcome bell summoned us to the dining-room. There was no cloth over the mahogany, and the napkins were missing likewise. At the head of the table stood the frying pan, and in it a large steak burned to a perfect cinder. Facing this was an uncut loaf of bread on the table, and the potatoes burnt as black as the meat were served in a glass preserve dish. Not a knife, fork, plate or tumbler was visible.

I am afraid I swore! I promised Hettie never to do it, but I am horribly afraid her blue eyes would have looked sorry if she had heard the first sentences that flew over the table. Ned and Will were in perfect convulsions of laughter.

"Take the steak in your fingers and see who'll eat to the middle first," said Ned.

"Here, gentlemen, is the only specimen extant of a cut-glass potato dish. Going, gentlemen! Stop swearing, Charlie!" said Will.

Mentally resolving to give my treasure her ticket of leave in the evening, I pulled on a good face, and invited the boys to the Continental where we got dinner.

At tea time I rushed home vowing vengeance. No answer met my repeated call, and I went to the kitchen. Under the table, dead drunk, lay the perfect treasure. The dinner still graced the dining-table, the unwashed breakfast dishes stood on the dresser, not a plate was touched, and I walked out of the kitchen in perfect despair. Why I didn't call a policeman is Hettie's wonder, but I actually did not think of it.

There was no rousing her. She lay in a deep stupor, so I left her to sleep off the effects of her folly, and went up stairs.

No wife, no baby, no comfort, "no nothing." I smoked a cigar, and opened a newspaper, but whether it was Tom Thumb that offered the opposition to the honorable gentleman's motions, or Jayne's Cherry Pectoral that was arrested last night for the murder of "Medea" at the new hotel just opened by our enterprizing fellow-citizen, the Empress Eugenie—or why the new relations with foreign powers so powerfully affected the new shuttle attachment Lard Oil, or interfered with the price of Java shirtings—or whether pork was lively or cheese heavy, or why new hams had not risen, I cannot tell to this day. I tried to whistle and found Ever of Thee tumbling over Yankee Doodle, while variations of the Groves of Blarney, somehow turned into We're all a Nodding—which last suggested *bed*, and up stairs I went, first taking all the matches out of the kitchen and locking the perfect treasure in.

I opened my door, and went toward the gas-burner, my matches in my hand. Something was in the way. I pitched, fell, pulled something at which I clutched over me, was suddenly deluged with cold water, and—smothered under a heap of clothes. I don't know what I said when I got up. I was reckless! I struck a match and lit the gas. Baby's bath-tub, full of water, was my stumbling block, and a chair covered with bedclothes the object I had pulled over me, and into the tub. My bed was unmade, all the litter of a hurried dressing and departure lay around me. I was wet to the skin, and had lost every remnant of patience. I am sure I did not stamp or scold anymore than occasion warranted, but finally tumbled down on the bed, and fell asleep.

The morning light did not beautify that room, much, and the utter impossibility of finding anything in the chaos did not improve matters. I managed to dress and go down stairs. Nora was sitting up, rubbing her sleepy eyes—the baker and milkman had knocked till they were tired and left, so there was a fine prospect for breakfast, but I roused up my servant, sent her to pack her trunk, and saw her leave the house. Then, and not sooner, I went down to the store. In the afternoon Hettie came home. She discovered that all the spoons, forks, and baby's silver cup, the napkins, towels, and my fine shirts, the parlor ornaments, books, and clock, with others too numerous to mention, were all carried off in the trunk of our PERFECT TREASURE.

☞ Mrs. Browning has said and truly,

"It takes a soul to move a body. It takes
A high-souled man to move the masses.
It takes the ideal to blow a hair's breadth
Off the dust of the actual.
And your Fouriers failed
Because not poets enough to understand
That life develops from within."

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew the cares and crosses,
Crowding round our neighbor's way,
If we knew the little losses,
Sorely grievous day by day,
Would we then so often chide
For his lack of thrift and gain—
Leaving on his heart a shadow,
Leaving on our lives a stain?

If we knew the clouds above us,
Held by gentle blessings there,
Would we turn away all trembling
In our blind and weak despair?
Would we shrink from little shadows
Lying on the dewy grass,
While 'tis only birds of Eden,
Just in mercy flying past?

If we knew the silent story
Quivering through the heart of pain,
Would our womanhood dare doom it
Back to haunts of guilt again?
Life hath many a tangled crossing,
Joy hath many a break of woe,
And the cheeks tear-washed are whitest;
This the blessed angels know.

Let us reach into our bosoms
For the key to other lives,
And with love toward erring nature,
Cherish good that still survives;
So that, when our disrobed spirits
Soar to realms of light again,
We may say "Dear Father, judge us,
As we judge our fellow-men."

HOW OUR GRANDMOTHER

STOPPED THE THIEF.

I am a very old lady. I have very often told my grandchildren the story of how I stopped the thief. And now they beg me to write it down, that they may read my story themselves. When I am dead, they mean. And so I write it.

When I was a little girl, I lived alone in an old country farm-house with my father. Your great-grandmother died, as you have heard, when I was born, and so I was my father's only companion. Dearly I loved him, and tenderly he talked to me of all his labors and all his pleasures. At the time I write of I was just eleven years old; a merry boisterous girl, with big fearless eyes, and a spirit of achievement that was always getting me into mischief. I could fill pages with my adventures, but I know you only now wish for one.

I must describe our house. It was built in the days of Dutch William, by some one who had learned to love the houses of Holland. The dwelling-house itself was nearly a cube; a great cube of dark red brick. The front door opened into a passage that pierced the block, and ended by another door which led into our farm-yard. There were two tall, narrow windows on either side of the principal door, and five tall, narrow windows on the first story. A heavy cornice hung over this row of windows, and from it rose the steep roof, covered with curly red tiles. This roof did not rise to a point. It was surmounted by a kind of summer house of wood, about seven or eight feet square, with a window in each of its four sides. This little chamber, which we called our lighthouse, was itself surmounted by a big shining vane. The interior of the lighthouse was reached through a small trap-door. This trap door was in the ceiling of the great garret formed by the whole roof of the house. The garret could only be entered by one other trap-door, which opened into my father's room. There was just space enough in the lighthouse for my father's writing-table. There he kept his accounts, not without some straining of his brain, with scrupulous exactness. There he wrote his letters, on those rare occasions when necessity compelled him to do so. There were his samples of corn, his rusty pistols, and his dozen drawers of indescribable odds and ends. There he could see the half of his lands, and exercise a distant supervision over his men.

Four times a year my father paid the rent for his hired lands. The home-farm, as you know, was his own. On the day before the rent was to be taken to the landlord's steward, the sum was always brought in gold from the bank at the town. Such a proceeding might not be very wise, but it was hallowed by its antiquity. The moneo was usually kept in a bag in my father's own room. All these arrangements were well known to me. I shut my eyes now, and I see my father in his clean gaiters, and the neat bow that tied his hair; I see him ride off on his roan hack to pay his rent, and I know every crease in the little leathern bag that carries the gold.

All the tribes of house servants and laborers who lived on our farm knew my father's ways as well as I did. But he was unsuspicious to a fault.

One Friday evening my father had ridden to the town, and had come back with his gold. All the maids and the men were sitting at their supper in our great kitchen, and I stood by the noisy fire waiting for my father to come down to them. He always came in to their meal, said a hearty word to those who were nearest to him, and then retired with me to his own parlor, his supper, and his pipe of peace.

On the particular evening in question, he walked into the room, swinging something in his hand. It was the leathern bag that carried the money; but it was empty. I knew that its place was in the bureau in my father's room,—not empty, but full.

"Father," I said "where's the money? Why haven't you locked it up in the bag?"

Everybody in the room heard my question, for there was always a hush when the master came among his men, and everybody in the room heard his answer:

"Where's the money, missie? I mounted the lighthouse when I came in, to get the keys I left there in the morning, caught the bag in the corner of the table, and tumbled all the coin into the drawer. There it may lie. It's safe enough."

In an hour more, I had been dismissed with my usual kiss, and was shut close in my own room. I have said that I should describe the house. I have only partly done so. The great range of stables and farm-buildings, at the corner of which the actual house was built, were partly made out of the ruins of an old manor-house that had fallen into decay with a fallen family. The only part of the buildings that still showed any signs of architectural beauty was one gable end, where the stables abutted on the modern house. There stood still an old room on a third floor, with great mullioned windows, each in a gable of its own, that stood out from the old roof. Two of these large windows looked out to the west; and on the south side, which adjoined the modern house, was a smaller attic window, apparently inserted since the dismantling of the building, for instead of mullions, it contained a rough sash. The base of this little window (it was some five feet in height) was on the floor of the attic, and nearly level with the projecting cornice of the house. Between the cornice and the sill of the window was a space of about a yard. The staircase of the old house led from what had been the hall (now filled with gardening tools and accumulations of out-door rubbish) into a room on the first floor, and up into the top room with the three windows. At some former time it had been proposed to use both the old and new buildings for domestic purposes, and a bridge passage had been built between the first-floor landing of the old staircase, and the room which I occupied. The door which led from my room to the little passage had been since furnished with many stout locks and bolts, but they were all on my side. It was a special delight to me to escape through my own door, and wander about the premises. I had taken possession of the great attic with the great old windows, and there I kept my treasures, and did my best-loved work, as my father in his lighthouse. My father condoned my independence, and would only say, as he bade me good night:

"Mind you lock your private front door, little missie. I would not have thee stolen."

On the night in question, I lay long awake. I heard all the servants who slept in the house mount to their rooms. Then I heard my father locking and barring the two doors of the passage, and ascend in his turn, pausing a minute to listen at my room, before he retired to his own. Still I lay awake, and grew restless in my bed. I began to think of all that I had done in the day, and of all I meant to do to-morrow. I was going down to fish in the beck with Beriah, the stable-help, and Mary, the dairy-woman. I had been cutting a new hazel top to my rod, up in my sanctum in the old buildings. And where was my knife that I had been cutting with? My knife that my father had brought me from the town a year ago, and that I loved so very fondly? I had left it in the attic. Of course no one would go there. It was quite safe. But how silly to leave it! Could I go and fetch it? No: certainly not. My father would be very angry with me for going out in the night. I must go to sleep. But I should like to see how the attic looks in the broad moonlight that shines in my room. I cannot do any harm by going out. And I cannot sleep. And I hate to lie awake. The Dutch clock on the stairs strikes eleven. The house has been quite still for an hour and a half.

I stepped gently out of my bed, and stole to the window. How sharply outlined the shadows were. I remember the whole scene now. Great clouds were coursing over the sky, and presently the moon would be hid. I turned the key in the lock of my own door. It moved so silently and easily, that I could not help pulling back the bolts. In another minute I was in my attic. You may think that I was a very courageous girl, and very unlike most of the children you know. Perhaps children now-a-days have more foolish ideas in their heads than those of seventy years ago. I knew nothing to be afraid of. There lay my rod, and there was my cherished knife, its blade looking very blue in the moonlight. I shut it, and vowed never to be so careless again. How strange the room looked! Everything was very black, or very bright, and the broad mullions made great stripes of shadow over the floor. I feasted my eyes at the big window, and then I turned to the little one. Opposite to me rose up the steep tiled roof, and at the top was the lighthouse, its vane shining in the clear light, and its windows looking just as though there were a candle inside. I had turned to go down to my bed again, for I was beginning to be conscious that it was cold, when I saw the window of the lighthouse that was nearest to me slowly open. I cannot say that I was exactly afraid, even then. I was spell-bound with astonishment, and stood motionless to watch. The sash was raised, and a man cautiously got out. He moved awkwardly, and seemed to have his hands tied. Then he began to descend the roof very slowly, and very warily. He leaned back against the tiles, and lodging his feet and elbows in their projections, advanced inch by inch along his perilous journey, with his hands still in front of him. I had just time to recognize his features, when the great cloud came over the moon, and in the sudden gloom of the comparative darkness, I could see little. But I had seen enough now. The man was one James Connor, a laborer on the farm. He had come to the house some weeks ago, and though my father knew nothing of him, and he looked like a mere tramp, he had been received. His fellow-servants had complained, once or twice, that he was a drunkard, but he had promised amendment. He was in the kitchen when my father had indiscreetly answered my indiscreet question. What he was doing was clear enough. He had passed through my father's room before the house was closed for the night, had concealed himself in the garret till all was still, and had then mounted to the lighthouse to steal the money. He could not descend through my father's room without rousing him. Nor was it needful to do so. He knew the premises well, and was aware that if he could descend the roof, and gain the little window, he could at once reach the farm-yard, and so make his way whithersoever he would. All this flashed through my mind as the cloud fell over the moon. In a moment I was watching more eagerly through the night, as the dim figure crept heedfully downward. He wore his shirt, and stockings, and shoes, and a pair of rough breeches. In his hands he held his spoils, perhaps because he wore no pockets; perhaps, because, as his stupid look showed, he was half drunk, and ran the risk of marring his plot, and maiming himself for life, by his folly. This I could not explain. I only saw him coming lower, lower, lower, with my father's gold clasped in his hands. The bottom sash alone was standing in the window, about a yard from the floor in height, and there was nothing between us but the abyss between the two buildings. I was hidden completely in the dark corner of the window. I thought the man must fall. He reached the cornice in safety, and stood up for a second before he stept across. Then he stept from roof to roof, and in a moment was leaning over the sash, supporting himself upon it by his arms, and resting his feet on the gutter that ran round the wall outside.

All this time I had simply watched. I had not thought what to do. I could not run away for help. I was chained to the spot. I knew that if the robber was to be baffled, it must be done now. As he paused before he clambered over the sash, and as he held out his hands with their spoil within them, I struck them with all my strength. The suddenness of the shock effected what my weak form could never have done. The man was startled, his hands parted, and the gold rolled all over the floor. With a curse he clutched at my arm as I darted from the window, and caught it with a grasp that I feel to this hour. Had his power not been crippled by his dangerous position I should have stood but a very sorry chance against him. He could only use one arm, for with the other he was compelled to steady himself on the window. With that one arm he held me, and raised his knee to step into the room. I do not know why he did not let me go. He could have caught me long before I could have given any serious alarm, and have silenced me effectually. He could not at the same time hold me and enter the room. All this time I did not scream. It seemed to me that the struggle was too serious to be interrupted, and I felt so intense an earnestness in the work of trying to escape, that I was prevented from uttering a sound. At last the thief contrived to hold my little wrist in his huge hand, and grasp the sash with it at the same time. In a second he would have been in the room. He could have stunned, or perhaps murdered, me, in a moment—have re-collected the gold, have descended into the court, and in those days, when as yet there were neither detectives nor telegraphs, have escaped. It was my left arm that was prisoned. In my right I held the knife. I was desperate, then; and though I was but a little, small-boned girl, all the devil in me was roused. I fear I could have slain the man with small compunction, at the instant of the deed. I lifted the clasp-knife to my mouth, and tore open the blade with my teeth, and then I cut at the wrist of my foe as though I would cut it through. He started back with a cry of pain and fury, lost his hold on the window, and fell. I heard the dull, heavy sound of his body as it struck the ground below. My left arm was covered with the hot blood I had shed. Then I turned round to rouse the house. But my young nerves remained strung only while the work was to be done. I staggered, and fell fainting among the broad guineas I had saved. I lay senseless for some hours, and then woke with a strange feeling of having done or suffered something—I hardly knew what. Slowly I remembered what had happened. It was still dark. I went to the window to see what had become of my antagonist. There was light enough for me to see a dark mass below me, which I thought could be nothing else than Connor's body. I turned my head to the left, and saw the first faint light of morning breaking through the clouds. In half an hour the world of the farm would be astir. Slowly I returned to my deserted chamber, and passed through it to my father's. It did not take long to assure him of my being whole and unhurt, in spite of my bloody night-dress. Wondering as I told him my tale, he called some of his men, and we went out to see the enemy. He was alive. I felt a thrill of pleasure at knowing that, though I could have taken his life so ruthlessly in my rage. He was alive, but so bruised and injured by his fall that he was perfectly helpless. One of his legs was broken, as we discovered afterwards, and his right arm was out of joint. The gash of my knife had done him no serious harm. It was a bad cut; but no more. He was carried off to jail as soon as he could be moved. I will not tell you the story of his trial and his punishment. I remember the judge said that the little girl was more fit to carry the King's colors than many a man of twice her years. But I doubt whether I could have carried a big flag, though I conquered a thief. And now my story is done. It happened seventy years ago, my children; but I remember it all, and though I own to being proud of my stout heart, I have exaggerated nothing.

B. J.

DRESSING WITH TASTE.

It is strange that with all the time American women bestow on dress, so few know how to prepare a simple toilet with taste. To be *well dressed* means, with most, to wear rich material, made up in gorgeous style, and with all the usual accessories of lace and jewelry, to add to the magnificence of the general effect. Never was a greater mistake. To be well dressed is only to have attire suited to time, place, and circumstances, made in a becoming manner. This attire may be a shilling calico or a rich silk, and yet, in either, if it is adapted to the conditions we have mentioned, a woman may be said to be well dressed. Where household duties have to be performed, and the care of children devolves partly upon the mistress of the house, a neat dress fitted gracefully to the figure is much better for morning wear than the faded remains of a more pretentious costume. Nothing looks more forlorn than to see a would-be lady performing household offices, of not the most refined character, in an old torn or dirty silk dress, or a soiled and draggled and open wrapper. One of the secrets of dressing well is to dress appropriately, another to be careful of the details, the minutiæ of the toilet. Thorough personal cleanliness, glossy, well-brushed hair, neat shoes and stockings, are as essential to good personal appearance as the material and fashion of the dress. Indeed, a lady who is particular in these minor matters, can hardly ever be said to be ill-dressed, as this delicate refinement will not only excuse faults, but naturally show itself in the good taste which will guide her selection, no matter how small the cost may be.

Some persons have an extreme horror of being "caught," as they call it, in a morning-dress. Why they should be so sensitive on this point, it is difficult to say. If it is clean, and adapted to the work in which they are engaged, there is no shame in wearing it, and, above all, it ought to be remembered that no attire is good enough for the family which is not good enough for mere acquaintances who may chance to favor you with their society. It is much better to be caught in a plain morning-dress than to be caught very much over-dressed, as some unlucky individuals are, at a small evening party. In one case there is real cause for mortification, in the other there is none. Mothers should carefully press this lesson upon their daughters. Many a young lady has lost through the discovery that the belle of the evening was the slattern of the morning, and that she paid more attention to the number of her flounces, than the cleanliness of her person, more care on the brilliancy of her head-dress than the condition of her hair.

THE SINGER.

BY HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL.

She sits and sings in the room below,
A tender ballad of love and woe,
Wedded to music plaintive and slow.

And who would dream that her heart is gay,
While she singeth so sad a lay—
Seeming to pour her soul away?

Why not? She doeth her heart no wrong;
Lips joy-laden the whole day long
Well can afford to sorrow in song!

So, keep her, Heaven! nor let her know
Other sighings than those that flow,
Rhythmic, through ballads of love and woe.

☞ Since provisions have grown so scarce at Richmond, the Enquirer, of that city, argues that eating three meals a day is very pernicious to the health, and says it is "as bad to grow fat as to get rich on the Confederacy." Philosophical rascals, those rebels. They are having bread riots all over the South, the rioters being women.

☞ An up-country editor pays his respects to "newspaper borrowers—May theirs be a life of single-blessedness; may their paths be carpeted with cross-eyed snakes, and their nights be haunted with knock-kneed tom-cats."

AFTER TEN YEARS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF EMMANUEL GEIBEL.

I wandered long abroad, and thence returned,
Came to my sister's house; I heard therein
Clear-ringing jubilee of children's voices—
But all unknown. I looked, and in the chamber,
Where fell through shades of leaves the gold of even,
Right glad of heart I saw—in number seven—
The little ones at play. Their fair heads tumbled
In the rich stream of light, with buxom health
Bloomed the round cheeks like rose. When I went forth
To roam through the wild world, not one was born:
I scarce was master of their several names.
So, silent and in wonder, with great eyes
They stared at me; the play fell sudden mute;
And then the eldest, drawing near me shy,
Asked with the mother's very tone, "Who are you?"
And then came in my sister. In her arms
I threw myself, and with a mother's pleasure
She showed me all that sevenfold household treasure
Which had increased so sweetly; to the children
She showed the uncle dear come home again.
Now all was joy and shouting; quick resolved,
The bolder boys came climbing up to kiss me,
The girls bent round their heads, and even the smallest,
Which shrunk at first in awe of my great beard,
Put out its little hands to feel for me.
Oh! that was rare delight, so interlaced
And so festoon'd to be with fresh young life,
Which clustered on me like a swarm of bees
On a new hive, expecting tales of wonder
With questions thousand-fold. Yet on my heart
Smote cold one breath of sadness, for these kisses,
These questionings, which took me by close storm,
Spoke with an inward echo:—"Steps so many
Hast thou gone forward on the way of death.
In these each day more quickly ripeneth
The novel generation which shall walk
Over thy grave, and happy be and weep."
And so I laid my hands as though in blessing
Upon those heads, and spake in thought the words:
"Welcome, most gentle monitors of death;
Welcome indeed, and thanks, that ye convey
So tenderly disguised your earnest warning.
But ye in joy grow up to prime of life,
That when I am no more, ye and your brothers
May perfect where fell short my age and I."

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

By the Author of "Aurora Floyd," "Lady Audley's Secret," &c.

CHAPTER V.

WAITING.

Miss Vane walked very slowly homeward through the hot, breathless summer night. She was too sorrowful, too much depressed by the sudden disappointment which had fallen like a dark shadow upon the close of the day which had begun so brightly, to be embarrassed by any uncomfortable sense of her loneliness in the crowded thoroughfare.

No one molested or assailed her—she walked serene in her youth and innocence; though the full radiance of the lamplight rarely fell upon her face without some passing glance of admiration resting there also. She never once thought that her father had done wrong in leaving her to walk alone through that crowded Parisian street. In the unselfishness of her loving nature she scarcely remembered her disappointment about the theatre; not even when she passed the brilliantly lighted edifice, and looked, a little wistfully perhaps, at the crowd upon the threshold.

She was uneasy and unhappy about her father, because in all her Chelsea experiences she remembered evil to have resulted from his going out late at night; vague and mysterious trouble, the nature of which he had never revealed to her, but whose effects had haunted him and depressed him for many dreary days. He had been sometimes, indeed, very often, poorer after a late absence from his shabby Chelsea lodging; he had been now and then richer; but he had always been alike remorseful and miserable after those occasional nights of dissipation.

His daughter was sorrowful therefore after parting with him. She knew that, in spite of his declaration that he would be home at eleven, it would be between one and two in the morning when he returned; not tipsy—no, thank Heaven, he was no drunkard—but with a nervous, wretched, half-demented manner, which was perhaps more sad to see than any ordinary intoxication.

"I was in hopes papa would always stay at home with me now that I am grown up," the young lady thought very sadly. "When I was little, of course it was different; I couldn't amuse him. Though we were very happy sometimes then; and I could play ecarte, or cribbage, or whist with two dummies. If I can get on very well with my education at Madame Marly's, and then get a situation as morning governess for a large salary—morning governesses do get high salaries sometimes—how happy papa and I might be."

Her spirits revived under the influence of cheering thoughts such as these. I have said before that it was scarcely possible for her to be long unhappy. Her step grew lighter and faster as she walked homeward. The glory of the gas lights brightened with the brightening of her hopes. She no longer felt her loneliness in the indifferent crowd. She began to linger now and then before some of the most attractive of the shops, with almost the same intense rapture and delight that she had felt in the morning.

She was standing before a book-stall, or rather an open shop perhaps, reading the titles of the paper-covered romances with the full glare of the shadeless gas lights on her face, when she was startled by a loud, hearty English voice, which exclaimed without one murmur of warning or preparation:

"Don't tell me that this tall, young woman with the golden curls, is Miss Eleanor Vandeleur Vane, of Regent Gardens, King's Road, Chelsea, London, Middlesex. Please don't tell me anything of the kind, for I can't possibly believe anybody but Jack-and-the-beanstalk could have grown at such a rate."

Eleanor Vane turned round with her face lit up with smiles to greet this noisy gentleman.

"Oh, Dick," she cried, putting both her hands into the broad palm held out before her, "is it really you? Who would have thought of seeing you in Paris?"

"Or you, Miss Vane? We heard you were at school at Brixton."

"Yes, Dick, the young lady answered; "but I have come home now. Papa lives here, you know, and I am going to a finishing school in the Bois de Boulogne, and then I am going to be a morning governess, and live with papa always."

"You are a great deal too pretty for a governess," said the young man, looking admiringly at the bright face lifted up to him; "your mistress would snub you, Miss Vane, you'd better—"

"What, Dick?"

"Try our shop."

"What, be a scene-painter, Dick?" cried Eleanor, laughing. "It would be funny for a woman to be a scene-painter."

"Of course, Miss Vane. But nobody talked of scene-painting. You don't suppose I'd ask you to stand on the top of a ladder to put in skies and backgrounds, do you? There are other occupations at the Royal Waterloo Phœnix besides scene-painting. But I don't want to talk to you about that; I know how savage your poor old dad used to be when we talked of the Phœnix. What do you think I am over here for?"

"What, Richard?"

"Why, they're doing a great drama in eight acts and thirty-two tableaux at the Porte St. Martin Raoul l'Empoisonneur it's called, Ralph the Poisoner, and I'm over here to pick up the music, sketch the scenery and effects, and translate the play. Something like versatility there, I think, for five-and-thirty shillings a week."

"Dear Richard, you were always so clever."

"To be sure; it runs in the family."

"And the Signora, she is well, I hope?"

"Pretty well; the teaching goes on *tant bon que mauvais*, as our friends over here say. The Clementi is a little thinner in tone than when you heard it last, and a little further off concert pitch; but as most of my aunt's pupils sing flat, that's rather an advantage than otherwise. But where are you going, Miss Vane? because, wherever it is, I'd better see you there. If we stand before this book-stall any longer, the proprietor may think we're going to buy something, and as the Parisians don't seem a buying people, the delusion might be too much for his nerves. Where shall I take you, Miss Vane?"

"To the Rue l'Archeveque, if you please, behind the Madeleine. Do you know it?"

"Better than I know myself, Miss V. The Signora lived in that direction when I was a boy. But how is it that you are all alone in the streets at this time of night?"

"Papa had an appointment with two gentlemen, and he—"

"And he left you to walk home alone. Then he still—"

"Still, what, Richard?"

The young man had stopped hesitatingly, and looking furtively at Eleanor.

"He still stays out late at night sometimes; a bad habit, Miss Vane. I was in hopes he would have been cured of it by this time; especially as there are no dens in the Palais Royal, now-a-days."

"No dens in the Palais Royal," cried Eleanor. "What do you mean?"

"Nothing, my dear Miss Nelly, except that Paris used to be a very wild and wicked place."

"But it isn't now?"

"Oh, dear, no. Our modern Lutetia is a very paradise of innocent delights, whose citizens enjoy themselves virtuously under the sheltering dictatorialism of a paternal government. You don't understand me—well, never mind, you are still the bright-faced child you were in the King's Road, Chelsea, only taller and prettier—that's all."

Miss Vane had taken her companion's arm, and they were walking away towards the Madeleine by this time; the young lady clinging to her new friend almost as confidingly as she had done to her father.

I don't think the confidence was misplaced. This young man, with the loud voice and the somewhat reckless manner, was only assistant scene-painter and second violin player at a transpontine theatre. He was bound by no tie of relationship to the beautiful girl hanging upon his arm. Indeed, his acquaintance with Mr. Vane and his daughter had been of that accidental and desultory kind out of which the friendships of poor people generally arise.

The young man had lodged with his aunt in the same house that for nearly six years had sheltered the proud old spendthrift and his motherless child, and some of Eleanor's earliest memories were of Signora Piccirillo and her nephew Richard Thornton. She had received her first lessons upon the pianoforte from the kind Signora, whose Neapolitan husband had died years and years before, leaving her nothing but an Italian name, which looked very imposing at the top of the circulars which the music-mistress was wont to distribute among her pupils.

Richard Thornton, at eight-and-twenty, seemed a very elderly person in the eyes of the school-girl of fifteen. She could remember him years, and years, and years ago, as it seemed to her, sitting in his shirt sleeves throughout the long summer afternoons, under the shadow of the scarlet runners in the little garden at Chelsea, smoking dirty clay pipes, and practising popular melodies upon his fiddle. Her father had thought him a nuisance, and had been lofty and reserved in his patronage of the young man; but to Eleanor, Dick had been the most delightful of playfellows, the wisest of counsellors, the most learned of instructors. Whatever Richard did, Miss Vane insisted upon also doing, humbly following the genius she admired, with little toddling steps, along the brilliant pathway his talents adorned.

I am afraid she had learned to play "God Save the Queen," and "Rory O'More," upon Richard's violin, before she had mastered Haydn's "Surprise," or "Ah, vous dirai-je, Maman?" upon the Signora's shabby old grand piano. She smeared her pinafores with poor Dick's water-colors, and insisted upon producing replicas of the young scene-painter's sketches, with all the houses lop-sided, and the trunks of all the trees gouty. If Dick kept rabbits or silkworms, there was no greater happiness for Miss Vane than to accompany him to Covent Garden market in quest of cabbage or mulberry leaves. I do not mean that she ever deserted her father for the society of her friend; but there were times when Mr. Vane absented himself from his little girl; long days, in which the old man strolled about the streets of the West-end, on the look-out for the men he had known in his prosperity, with the hope of borrowing a pound or two, or a handful of loose silver, for the love of Auld Lang Syne; and longer nights, in which the old man disappeared from the Chelsea lodging for many dreary hours.

Then it was that Eleanor Vane was thrown into the companionship of the Signora and her nephew. Then it was that she read Richard's books and periodicals, that she revelled in "Jack Sheppard," and gloated over "Wagner, the Wehr Wolf." Then it was that she played upon the young man's violin, and copied his pictures, and destroyed his water-colors, and gorged his rabbits and silkworms, and loved and tormented, and admired him, after the manner of some beautiful younger sister, who had dropped from the clouds to be his companion.

This is how these two stood towards each other. They had not met for three years until to-night, and in the interim Miss Eleanor Vane had grown from a hoyden of twelve into a tall, slender young damsel of fifteen.

"You were so altered, Miss Vane," Richard said, as they walked along the boulevard, "that I can't help wondering how it was I knew you."

"And you're not altered a bit, Dick," answered the young lady, "but don't call me Miss Vane—it sounds as if you were laughing at me. Call me Nell, as you used to do, at Chelsea. Do you know, Dick, I contrived to go to Chelsea once last summer. It was against papa's wish, you know, that I should let them find out where I came from at Brixton; because, you see, Chelsea, or at least the King's Road, sounds vulgar, papa thought. Indeed, I believe he said he lived in Cadogan Place, when the Miss Bennetts asked him the question. He explained it to me afterwards, you know, poor dear; and it wasn't exactly a story, for he had lodged there for a fortnight once, just after his marriage with mamma, and when he was beginning to get poor. So I was obliged to manage so cleverly to get to Regent's Gardens, Dick, and when I did get there you were gone, and the Signora's rooms, were to let, and there was a nasty cross old woman in our lodgings, and the scarlet runners in the garden were *so* neglected, and I saw your rabbit-hutches, all broken and forgotten in the corner by the dust-hole, but the rabbits were gone. The dear old place seemed so changed, Dick, though Mr. and Mrs. Migson were very kind, and very pleased to see me, but they couldn't tell me where you and the Signora were living.

"No, we moved two or three times after leaving Regent's Gardens. You see we're obliged to study the pupils, Nell, rather than our own convenience. Chelsea was a long way from the Waterloo Phœnix, in spite of the short cuts; but wherever the Signora's pupils are thickest we're obliged to pitch our tents. They're thickest about Tottenham-court Road and Euston Square way now; so we're living in the Pilasters, Dudley Street."

"The Pilasters! That sounds quite grand, Dick."

"Yes, doesn't it? *Magnifique et pas cher.* We've a chimney-sweep next door but one, and no end of mangles. The Pilasters would be very nice, if we'd two sides of the way, but unfortunately we haven't; the other side's stables. It isn't my prejudices make me object to that; but the grooms make such an abominable noise cleaning down their horses, and I wake every morning out of a dream in which it's Boxing-night, and my transformation scene is getting the goose."

The young man laughed cheerily, and guided his companion across the road to the other side of the boulevard. It was past ten o'clock when they reached the corner of the Rue l'Archeveque, and the butcher's shop was closed.

Eleanor knew that she had only to push open the little side door, and that she would find the key of her father's rooms in the custody of the butcher's wife. She was very tired, almost ready to drop, poor girl, for she had walked a long way since alighting at the Palais Royal with her father; but she was almost sorry that she had reached her destination. The sense of her loneliness returned, now that she was to part with her old friend.

"Thank you very much for seeing me home, Dick," she said, shaking hands with the young scene-painter. "It was very selfish of me to bring you so far out of your way."

"Selfish of you! Why, you don't suppose I'd let you prowl about the streets by yourself, Nell?"

Eleanor's face flushed as her friend said this; there was a reproach to her father implied in the speech.

"It was my own fault that I was so late," she said. "It was only just nine when papa left me; but I loitered a little, looking at the shops. I shall see you again, Dick, I hope. But of course I shall, for you'll come and see papa, won't you? How long do you stay in Paris?"

"About a week, I suppose. I've a week's leave of absence, and double salary, besides my expenses. They know the value of a clever man at the Phœnix, Miss Vane."

"And where are you staying, Dick?".

"At the Hotel des Deux Mondes, near the markets. I've an apartment in convenient proximity to the sky, if I want to study atmospheric effects. And so you live here, Nell?"

"Yes, those are our windows."

Eleanor pointed to the open sashes of the entresol: the fluffy worsted curtains were drawn, but the windows were wide open.

"And you expect your papa home—"

"At eleven o'clock at the latest," she said.

Richard Thornton sighed. He remembered Mr. Vane's habits, and he remembered that the little girl in pinafores had been wont to keep abnormal hours in her long watches for her father's coming. He had often found her, on his return from the transpontine theatre at one or two o'clock, with the door of the little sitting-room ajar, waiting patiently for the old man's coming.

"You won't sit up for your papa, Nell," he said, as he shook hands with her.

"Oh, no, papa told me not to sit up."

"Good night, then. You look tired, Nell. I'll call to-morrow, and I'll take you to the theatre, if your papa will let you go, and you shall see 'Raoul l'Empoisonneur.' Such a scene, Nell, in the seventh act. The stage divided into eight compartments, with eight different actions going on simultaneously, and five murders before the fall of the curtain. It's a great piece, and ought to make Spavin and Cromshaw's fortune."

"And yours, Dick."

"Oh, yes. Cromshaw will shake me by the hand in that delightful, gentlemanly manner of his: and Spavin—why Spavin will give me a five-pound note for my adaptation of 'Raoul,' and tell every member of the company, in confidence, that all the great scenes have been written in by him, and that the piece was utter rubbish till he reconstructed it."

"Poor Richard!"

"Yes, Nell, poorer than the gentleman who had the almanac, I dare say. But never mind, Nell. I don't think the game of life pays for much expenditure in the way of illumination. I think the wisest people are those who take existence easily. Spavin's wealth can't give him anything better than diamond studs and a phæton. The virtuous peasant, Nell, who can slap his chest, and defy his enemies to pick a hole in his green baize jerkin, gets the best of it in the long run, I dare say."

"But I wish you were rich, Dick, for the Signora's sake," Eleanor said, gently.

"So do I, Nelly. I wish I was lessee of the Phœnix, and I'd bring you out as Juliet, with new palace arches for the ball-room, and a lime-light in the balcony scene. But, good night, my dear; I mustn't keep you standing here, like this, though parting is such sweet sorrow, that I really shouldn't have the heart to go away to-night if I didn't mean to call to-morrow. That line's rather longer than the original, Nell, isn't it?"

Eleanor Vane laughed heartily at her old friend's random talk, as she wished him good night. All the light-heartedness of her careless childhood seemed to return to her in Richard Thornton's society. Her childhood had not been an unhappy one, remember; for in all her father's troubles, he had so contrived as to keep his head above water, somehow or other, and the influence of his ever sanguine spirit had kept Eleanor bright and hopeful under every temporary cloud in the domestic sky.

But the sense of her loneliness came back as she pushed open the door and entered the dark passage at the side of the shop. The butcher's wife came out at the sound of her footstep, and gave her the key, with some kindly word of greeting which Eleanor scarcely understood.

She could only say, "Bon soir, madame," in her school-girl French, as she dragged herself slowly up the little winding stair, thoroughly worn out, physically and mentally by this time.

The little entresol seemed terribly close and stifling. She drew back the curtains, and looked out through the open window, but even the street itself seemed oppressively hot in the moonless, airless August night.

Eleanor found half a wax candle in a flat china candlestick, and a box of matches, set ready for her. She lighted this candle, and then flung off her bonnet and mantle, before she sat down near the window.

"I shall have a very short time to wait, if papa comes home at eleven o'clock," she thought."

Alas! she remembered in her old childish experiences, that he had *never* come home at the promised hour. How often, ah, how often, she had waited, counting the weary hours upon the church clocks,—there was one which chimed the quarters; and trembling sometimes at those strange sounds which break the night silence of every house. How often she had "hoped against hope," that he might, for this once, return at the time he had promised.

She took the candle in her hand and looked about for a book. She wanted to wile away the dreary interval which she knew must elapse before her father's return. She found a novel of Paul Feval's, in a dirty and tattered cover, on the little marble-topped writing-table. The leaves were crumpled, and smeared with stains and splotches of grease, for it was Mr. Vane's habit to amuse himself with a work of fiction while he took his matutinal roll and coffee. He had taken to novel reading in his frivolous old age, and was as fond of a sentimental story as any school-girl,—as his daughter herself.

Miss Vane drew the lumbering little table to the open window, and sat down before it, with her candle close to her elbow, and the tattered book spread out before her. No breath of air flickered the flame of her candle, or ruffled the golden hair swept back from her brow.

The passers-by upon the opposite side of the street—they were few and far between by this time—looked up at the lighted window, and saw a pretty picture by the glimmer of that solitary candle. The picture of a girl, serene in her youth and innocence, bending over her book: her pale muslin dress and yellow hair faintly visible in the subdued light.

The rattle of wheels and the cries of coachmen sounded far off upon the Boulevard, and in the Rue de Rivoli, and only made the silence more palpable in the Rue de l'Archeveque. Now and then a carriage came into that quiet corner, and Eleanor Vane looked up from her book, breathless, eager, expectant, fondly hoping that her father might have come back to her in some hired vehicle; but the solitary carriage always rolled away, until the sound of its wheels mixed with the rattle of the distant wheels upon the Boulevards.

There were clocks in the distance that struck the quarters. How long those quarters seemed! Paul Feval was very interesting no doubt. There was an awful mystery in those greasy tattered pages; a ghastly mystery about two drowned young women, treacherously made away with, as it seemed, upon the shore of a dreary river overshadowed by willows. There were villains and rascals paramount throughout this delightful romance; and there was mystery and murder enough for half-a-dozen novels. But Eleanor's thoughts wandered away from the page. The dreary river-bank, and the ghostly pollard-willows, the drowned young women, and the ubiquitous villain, all mingled themselves with her anxious thoughts about her father; and the trouble in the book seemed to become a part of the trouble in her own mind, adding its dismal weight to her anxieties.

There were splotchy engravings scattered here and there through the pages of Monsieur Feval's romance, and Eleanor fancied by-and-by that the villain in these pictures was like the sulky stranger who had followed her father and the Frenchman away towards the Barriere St. Antoine.

She fancied this, although she had scarcely seen that silent stranger's face. He had kept it, as it seemed, purposely averted, and she had only caught one glimpse of the restless black eyes under the shadow of his hat, and the thick moustache that shrouded his mouth. There is always something mysterious and unpleasant in the idea of anything that has been hidden from us, however trivial and insignificant that thing may be. Eleanor Vane, growing more and more nervous as the slow hours crept away, began to worry herself with the vivid recollection of that one brief glimpse in which she had seen the silent stranger's face.

"He cannot have a good countenance," she thought, "or the recollection of it would not make me so uncomfortable. How rude he was, too! I did not much like the Frenchman, but at least he was polite. The other man was very disagreeable. I hope he is not a friend of papa's." And then she returned to the drowned young women, and the water-side, and the willows; trying in vain to bury herself in the romance, and not to listen so eagerly for the striking of the quarters. Sometimes she thought, "Before I turn over to the next page, papa will be home," or, "Before I can finish this chapter I shall hear his step upon the stairs."

Breathless though the night was, there were many sounds that disturbed and mocked this anxious watcher. Sometimes the door below shook—as if by some mysterious agency, there being no wind—and Eleanor fancied that her father's hand was on the latch. Sometimes the stairs creaked, and she started from her chair, eager to run and receive him, and firmly believing that he was stealing stealthily up to his apartments, anxious not to disturb the sleepers. She had known his cautious footfall sound exactly thus in her old days' midnight watches.

But all these sounds were only miserable delusions. Quarter after quarter, each quarter longer than the last, hour after hour, struck from the clocks distant and near. The rattling of the wheels upon the Boulevards had died gradually away, and at last had ceased altogether.

It was long past four, and Eleanor had pushed aside her book altogether. It was daylight,—gray, cold morning, chill and dismal after the oppressive August night, and she stood now in the window watching the empty street.

But still the quarters chimed from the distant clocks; those distant chimes had become terribly distinct now in the early morning stillness. But the silence was not long lived. The rumble of wagon wheels sounded far away in the Rue St. Honore. The rush and clatter of a detachment of cavalry clashed upon the asphalte of the Place de la Concorde. The early sound of a horn called out some wretched recruits to perform their morning exercise in the court-yards of the Louvre. The cheerful voices of workpeople echoed in the streets, dogs were barking, birds singing, the yellow sun mounting in a cloudless heaven.

But there were no signs of the coming of George Vane with the morning sunlight, and as the day grew older and brighter, the anxious face of the pale watcher at the open window only grew paler and more anxious.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BLACK BUILDING BY THE RIVER.

Richard Thornton was by no means an early riser. He was generally one of the last of those gentlemen who shuffled into the orchestra at the ten o'clock rehearsal of a new melodrama, in which all the effect of a murder or an abduction depended upon the pizzicato twittering of violins, and the introduction of explosive chords at particular crises in the action of the piece. Mr. Thornton was a sluggard, who complained most bitterly of the heartlessness of stage-managers and prompter's minions in the shape of unresting call-boys, who seemed to take a malicious delight in nailing cruel slips of paper to the door-post of the Phœnix, terrible mandates, wherein the Full Band was called at ten; "no ten minutes;" the meaning of this last mysterious clause being that the ten minutes' grace which is usually accorded to the tardy performer shall on this occasion be cut off and done away with.

But Richard was out for a holiday now. The eyes of Messrs. Spavin and Cromshaw would fain have followed him in his Parisian wanderings, to see that he did double work for his double wages; but the proprietors of the Royal Waterloo Phœnix not being blest with the gift of clairvoyance, Mr. Thornton defied and snapped his fingers at them, secure in the consciousness of his own value.

"If J. T. Jumballs, the author of all the original dramas they've done at the Phœnix for the last ten years, understood French, he'd do 'Raoul' for two pound ten," thought Richard, as he stood before his looking-glass in the blazing August sunshine, rubbing his chin contemplatively and wondering whether the bristles would be *too* strong if he let them stop till another morning.

If the honest truth is to be recorded, it must be acknowledged that Mr. Thornton was by no means too scrupulous in the performance of his toilet. He had a habit of forgetting to shave until his chin was covered by an appearance of red stubble, dappled here and there by patches of blue and brown, for his beard was wont to crop up in unexpected hues, which surprised even himself. He sympathised with the great lexicographer in not having any overstrained partiality for clean linen, and, indeed, usually wore a colored shirt, the bosom of which was arabesqued with stray splashes of whitewash and distemper, to say nothing of occasional meandering evidences of the numerous pints of porter imbibed by the young artist during his day's labor. When Mr. Thornton bought a new suit of clothes he put them on, and wore them continuously, and ate and drank and painted in them until they were so worn and frayed, and enfeebled by ill treatment, that they began to drop away from him in rusty fragments like the withered leaves which fall from a sturdy young oak. There were people who declared that Mr. Thornton slept in his ordinary costume, but of course this was a cruel slander.

To walk eight or nine miles a day to and fro between the place of your abode and the scene of your occupation; to paint the best part of the scenery for a large theatre in which new pieces are brought out pretty frequently; to play second fiddle, and attend early rehearsals upon cold mornings; to jot down the music cues in a melodrama, or accompany Mr. Grigsby in his new comic song, or Madame Rosalbini in her latest cachuca, and to adapt a French drama, now and then, by way of adding a few extra pounds to your income, is not exactly to lead an idle life; so perhaps poor Richard Thornton may be forgiven if his friends had occasion to laugh at his indifference upon the subject of soap and water. They even went so far as to call him "Dirty Dick," in their more facetious moments; but I don't think the obnoxious soubriquet wounded Richard's feelings. Everybody liked him and respected him as a generous-hearted, genial-tempered, honorable-minded fellow, who would scarcely have told a lie to save his life, and who scorned to drink a pint of beer that he couldn't pay for, or to accept a favor which he didn't mean to return.

People at the Phœnix knew that Richard Thornton's father had been a gentleman, and that the young man had a certain pride of his own. He was the only man in the theatre who neither abused nor flattered his employers. The carpenters and gasmen touched their caps when they talked to him, though he was shabbier than any of those *employes*; the little ballet girls were fond of him, and came to tell him their troubles when the cruel stage-manager had put their names down in a horrible book which was to be seen on the treasury table every Saturday morning. The old cleaners of the theatre told Mr. Thornton about their rheumatic knee-joints, and came to him for sympathy after dreary hours of scouring. He had patience with and compassion for every one. People knew that he was kind and tender-hearted, for his pencil initials always appeared in some obscure corner of every subscription list against a sum which was bulky when taken in relation to the amount of his salary. People knew that he was brave, for he had once threatened to fling Mr. Spavin into the pit, when that gentleman had made some insinuations impeaching Richard's honor as to the unfair use of gold-leaf in the Enchanted Caves of Azure Deep. They knew that he was dutiful, and kind, and true to the old music-mistress with whom he lived, and whom he helped to support. They knew that when other men made light of sacred things, and were witty and philosophical upon very solemn subjects, Richard Thornton would leave the assembly gravely and quietly, how eloquent or lively soever he might have been before. People knew all this, and were respectful to the young scene-painter, in spite of the rainbow smears of paint upon his shabby coat, and the occasional fringe of mud upon the frayed edges of his trowsers.

Upon this August morning, Mr. Thornton made very short work of his toilet.

"I won't go out to breakfast," he thought, "though I can get two courses and a dessert in the Palais Royal, to say nothing of half a bottle of sour claret, for fifteen pence. I'll get some coffee and rolls, and go to work at some of the scenes for 'Raoul.'"

He rang a bell near his bed, pushed a table to the window which looked out into the quadrangle of the hotel, and sat down with a battered tin-box of water colors and a few squares of Bristol board before him. He had to ring several times before one of the waiters condescended to answer his summons, but he worked away cheerily, smoking as he worked, at a careful water-colored copy of a rough pencil-sketch which he had made a couple of nights before in the pit of the theatre.

He didn't leave off to eat his breakfast when it came, by-and-by, but buttered his rolls and drank his coffee in the pauses of his work, only laying down his brush for a minute or so at a time. The scene was a street in old Paris, the houses very dark and brown, with over-hanging latticed windows, exterior staircases, practicable bridges, and all sorts of devices which called for the employment of a great deal of glue and pasteboard in Richard's model. This scene was only one out of eight, and the young scene-painter wanted to take perfect models of all the eight scenes back to the Phœnix. He had M. Michel Levy's sixty centimes edition of the new play spread open before him, and referred to it now and again as he painted.

"Humph! Enter *Raoul* down staircase in flat. *Raoul's* a doctor, and the house with the staircase is his. The house at the corner belongs to *Gobemouche*, the comic barber, and the practicable lattice is *Madeline's*. She'll come to her window by-and-by to talk to the doctor, whom she thinks a very excellent man; though he's been giving her mild doses of *aqua tofana* for the last three weeks. *Catherine de Medicis* comes over the practicable bridge, presently, disguised as a nun. I wonder how many melodramas poor *Catherine* has appeared in since she left this mortal stage. Did she ever do anything except poison people, I wonder, while she was alive? She never does at the Porte Saint Martin, or on the Surrey side of the Thames. I must sketch the costumes, by-and-by. *Raoul* in black velvet and scarlet tights, a pointed beard, straight eyebrows, short black hair,—austere and dignified. Cromshaw will do *Raoul*, of course, and Spavin will play the light-comedy soldier who gets drunk, and tears off *Catherine's* velvet mask in the last scene. Yes, that'll be a great scene on our side of the water. *Charles the Ninth*—he's a muff, so anybody can play him—has just finished reading the arsenicated edition of a treatise on hawking, closes the last page of the book, feels the first spasm. *Catherine*, disguised as a nun, has been followed by Spavin—by the comedy-soldier, I mean—to the Louvre, after a conversation having been overheard between her and *Raoul*. The *King*, in the agonies of spasmodic affection, asks who has murdered him. 'That—woman—that sorceress—that fiend in human form!' cries the soldier, snatching the mask from *Catherine's* face. 'Merciful Heaven, it is my mother!' shrieks the *King*, falling dead with a final spasm. That 'it is my mother!' ought to be good for three rounds of applause, at least. I dare say Spavin will have the speech transferred from the *King's* part to his own. 'Merciful Heaven, it is *his* mother!' would do just as well."

Poor Richard Thornton, not having risen very early, worked on till past five o'clock in the afternoon before his model was finished. He got up with a sigh of relief when the pasteboard presentment of the old Parisian street stood out upon the little table, square and perfect.

He filled his pipe, and walked up and down before the table, smoking and admiring his work in an innocent rapture.

"Poor Nelly," he thought presently. "I promised I would call in the Rue l'Archeveque to-day, to pay my respects to the old chap. Not that he'd particularly care to see me, I dare say; but Nell is such a darling. If she asked me to stand on my head, and do poor old Goffie's gnome-fly business, I think I should try and do it. However, it is too late to call upon Mr. Vandeleur Vane to-day, so I must put that off till to-morrow. I must drop in again at half-price at the Porte Saint Martin, to have another look at the scene in eight compartments. That'll be rather a poser for the machinist at the Phœnix, I flatter myself. Yes, I must have one more look at it, and—Ah! by-the-by, there's the Morgue!"

Mr. Thornton finished his pipe, and rubbed his chin with a reflective air.

"Yes, I must have a look at the Morgue before I go," he thought; "I promised that old nuisance J. T. Jumballs that I'd refresh my memory about the Morgue. He's doing a great drama in which one half of the *dramatis personæ* recognize the other half dead on the marble slabs. He's never been across the Channel, and I think his notions of the Morgue are somewhat foggy. He fancies it's about as big as Westminster Abbey, I know, and he wants the governors to give him the whole depth of the stage for his great scene, and set it obliquely, like the Assyrian hall, in 'Sardanapalus,' so as to give the idea of illimitable extent. I'm to paint the scene for him. '*The interior of the Morgue by lamplight. The meeting of the living and the dead.*' That'll be rather a strong line for the bill, at any rate. I'll go and have some dinner in the Palais Royal, and then go down and have a look at the gloomy place. An exterior wouldn't be bad, with Notre Dame in the distance, but an *interior*—Bah! J. T. J. is a clever fellow, but I wish his genius didn't lie so much in the charnel-house."

He put on his hat, left his room, locked the door, and ran down the polished stair case whistling merrily as he went. He was glad to be released from his work, pleased at the prospect of a few hours' idleness in the foreign city. Many people, inhabitants and visitors, thought Paris dull, dreary, and deserted in this hot August weather, but it was a delightful change from the Pilasters and the primeval solitudes of Northumberland Squares, that quaint, grim, quadrangle of big houses, whose prim middle-class inhabitants looked coldly over their smart wire window-blinds at poor Richard's shabby coat.

Mr. Thornton got an excellent dinner at a great bustling restaurateur's in the Palais Royal, where for two francs one might dine upon all the delicacies of the season, in a splendid saloon, enlivened by the martial braying of a brass band in the garden below.

The *carte du jour* almost bewildered Richard by its extent and grandeur, and he chose haphazard from the catalogue of soups which the obliging waiter gabbled over for his instruction. He read all the pleasing by-laws touching the non-division of dinners, and the admissibility of exchanges in the way of a dish for a dessert, or a dessert for a dish, by payment of a few extra centimes. He saw that almost all the diners hid themselves behind great wedges of orange colored melon at an early stage of the banquet, and generally wound up with a small white washing basin of lobster salad, the preparation of which was a matter of slow and solemn care and thought. He ordered his dinner in humble imitation of these accomplished *habitues*, and got very good value for his two francs, and then paid his money, bowed to the graceful lady who sat in splendid attire in a very bower of salads and desserts, and went down a broad staircase that led into a street behind the Palais Royal, and thence to the Rue Richelieu.

He treated himself to a cup of coffee and a cigar at a cafe in the place de la Bourse, and then strolled slowly away towards the Seine, smoking, and dawdling to look at this and that as he walked along. It was nearly eight o'clock therefore when he emerged from some narrow street, upon the quay, and made his way towards that bridge beneath whose shadow the Morgue hides, like some foul and unhallowed thing. He did not much like the task which Mr. Jumballs had imposed upon him, but he was too good-natured to refuse compliance with the transpontine dramatist's desire, and far too conscientious to break a promise once made, however disagreeable the performance of that promise might prove.

He walked on resolutely, therefore, towards the black, shed-like building.

"I hope there are no bodies there to-night," he thought. "One glance round the place will show me all I want to see. I hope there are no poor dead creatures there to-night."

He stopped before going in and looked at a couple of women who were standing near, chattering together with no little gesticulation.

He asked one of these women the question, Were there any bodies in the Morgue?

Yes—the women both answered with one voice. There had not long been brought the body of a gentleman, an officer it was thought, poisoned in a gaming-house. A murder, perhaps, or a suicide; no one knew which.

Richard Thornton shrugged his shoulders as he turned away from the idle gossips.

"Some people would call me a coward if they knew how I dislike going into this place," he thought.

He threw away his cigar, took off his hat, and slowly crossed the dark threshold of the Parisian dead-house.

When he came out again, which was not until after the lapse of at least a quarter of an hour, his face was almost as white as the face of the corpse he had left within. He went upon the bridge, scarcely knowing where he went, and walking like a man who walks in his sleep.

Not more than half a dozen yards from the Morgue he came suddenly upon the lonely figure of a girl, whose arm rested on the parapet of the bridge, and whose pale face was turned towards the towers of Notre Dame.

She looked up as he approached, and called him by his name.

"*You* here, Eleanor," he cried. "Come away, child; come away, for pity's sake!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEWS ITEMS.

It is remarkable, though perhaps nothing strange, that the daughters as well as the sons of soldiers should become soldiers by marrying with the profession,—as naturally they must be thrown more into that kind of society than any other. General Sumner's family, however, is a somewhat marked instance. He had two sons, E. V. Sumner, Major on General Stoneman's staff, and Samuel, Captain on the staff of his father; and four daughters, one of whom married a civilian and became Mrs. Jenkins, the other three becoming Mrs. Colonel Theall, Mrs Colonel Long and Mrs Colonel McLean. In such a family, all interested in the army service, what anxieties war must produce.

The number of widows' pensions applied for thus far during the present war, is about 15,000; and the number of invalid pensions during the same period, 9,000.

The New York belles in "high circles" have adopted a fashion, when in full dress, of wearing powdered gold on their hair. One young woman is said to have recently sported $150 worth of the auriferous deposit on her head. In order to vie with this extravagance, the secesh ladies will have to cover their tresses with wheat flour, which, if report is to be believed, is about as scarce and precious as gold dust in Dixie.

They have a funny custom in South Hampton, one of the lower towns in Rockingham county, New Hampshire, which had an odd illustration the other day. They never elect any except men born in the town to the legislature! At the late election a gentleman, every way worthy the confidence of his townsmen, and who had been, from boyhood, an inhabitant of the place, was accidentally placed upon the ticket at the late election, but soon the fact was discovered that he was not town-born, and word was conveyed from mouth to mouth. "It won't do to send him to the legislature; he was not born in South Hampton." A new name was substituted, and the public displeasure appeased.

We who have the good fortune to be removed from the theatre of war, know little of the sufferings of those in its immediate vicinity. Families that a few months since were wealthy residents of Fredericksburg are now living in negro cabins, dependent upon an uncertain charity for daily bread.

The California flood of January, 1862, was the highest known in the state for centuries. This is proved by the fact that indian mounds of great depth, bearing unmistakable evidence of great antiquity in the large oaks growing upon them, were almost entirely carried away, trees and all.

Mr Samuel Krause, eldest son of Mr. John Krause, of Allentown, recently returned home unexpectedly from Lima, Peru, in South America, after an absence of 27 years. For the last 17 years no intelligence whatever had been received from him, and his parents and friends had settled down in the belief that he was dead. He returned to this country as Secretary of Legation from the Peruvian government.

Erastus Corning probably carries on his shoulders as many varied responsibilities as any man in the nation. He is member of Congress, president of the New York Central and director of the Hudson River Railroad, president of the Albany Pier Co., manager of a bank, head of a hardware house, owner of a large rolling mill, a skillful farmer, and Regent of the State University.

At Louisville last week a hogshead of the new-crop tobacco was sold at the extraordinary price of *one hundred and eighteen dollars* per hundred pounds, the hogshead bringing $1,604 80.

PROF. AGASSIZ'S RECENT ARTICLE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Messrs Editors:—The progress of knowledge is onward, and every advance adds strength to reach forward to things unknown, and to look back on errors that have grown up in its path. Many things that were once disowned, are now received as facts; and many that are now received as truths, will in their turn be disowned. I read in your paper an article credited to the "Atlantic Monthly," from the pen of Professor Agassiz. You will pardon me for throwing off a little restraint in reviewing an article that presents so many fallacies to your readers. Mr. Agassiz is a disciple of the Plutonic school, and has faith in the igneous theory of the formation of the earth; and has presented several columns to instruct the public in his theory. I propose to examine the evidence he has produced in its favor, together with the evidence that exists against it, and give it to the public as jurors in the case.

The professor introduces our earth thus: "Astronomy shows us our planet thrown off from the central mass of which it once formed a part to move henceforth in an independent orbit of its own. That orbit, it tells us, passed through celestial space cold enough to chill this heated globe, and of course to consolidate it externally." He proceeds: "I have said that there was a time when no atmosphere surrounded the earth; but one of the first results of the cooling of the crust must have been the forming of an atmosphere."

How is this? cooling the crust create an atmosphere? The simple fact of caloric leaving a heated substance, create oxygen and nitrogen gases? Then follows, "The phenomena connected with it, the raising of vapor." The raising of aqueous vapor from a ladle of melted iron would be novel, but much more so its raising from a mass at "a heat more intense than can be produced by any artificial means," and this in quantity sufficient to "form clouds, the falling of rain, the gathering of water upon its surface," to an unknown depth over the whole earth.

Mr. A. has arrived at the conclusion that the ridge of land along the Canada line to the valley of the Mississippi, is the first that raised above the ocean, as there is no trace of organic remains or evidence that animal life existed in the deposits at its base. Researches among things as they are, add treasures to our stock of knowledge, and exhibit the progressive condition of the earth and its inhabitance; and my every pulse beats in unison with him in these researches; but magnificent chimeras gaining the appellation of science do not alter the facts in the case.

Mr. Agassiz says: "The earth we tread is but a thin crust floating on a liquid sea of fire." Are we running over a lake of fire, like skaters over a lake of water, with no other warmth than we receive from the sun's rays? Is this sustained by known laws? If a heated body is brought in contact with a cold body, the heat passes to the colder body, (this every child knows that burns his fingers.) The heat continues to flow to the cold body until they are both at the same temperature; heat is never at rest any more than gravity, and its laws are as unchangeable. The cold crust of the earth is represented in contact with the "liquid sea of fire." What has become of this law? He may say the earth is a slow conductor of heat; be it so, but it has had an immense lapse of time to flow from the hot sea to the crust. But water is not a very slow conductor of heat, and the earth must be filled with water as low down as there is any deficiency of solidity. Below water all must be solid, and a solid substance must be a tolerable conductor of heat. If water were not a ready conductor of heat, there would be much inconvenience with steam boilers. Fill a gun-barrel with water and close it tight; place one end in a fire and the other its length from it, all its parts will keep at the same temperature, and the end remote from the fire will become red-hot at the same time that the end in the fire grows red-hot. This every thorough experimenter knows. If the earth were at this moment in the condition represented, the time would be short before the ocean would be boiling, and the water driven from the earth, and its whole surface red-hot. Mr. A. is in error if he thinks heat can be confined in this manner; it cannot be barrelled up and kept like beer.

Among the evidences produced in support of the igneous theory, are the cooling of the liquid mass into granite, or massive rocks, "which are now the very bone and sinew of our mother earth;" the volcanic eruptions; the hot springs; and the increasing temperature as we descend into the earth. He says: "If we need more positive evidence, we have it in the fiery eruptions that even now bear fearful testimony to the molten ocean seething within the globe and forcing its way out from time to time." I will dissect this, and show the weight of its evidence.

Does the lava which is thrown out from volcanos on cooling become granite, "the very bone and sinew of our mother earth?" Does it become porphyry, or basalt? or any natural rock of the earth? Is the lava from all volcanos chemically the same, as it would be if it all came from the same source? Let Professor Agassiz answer these questions. The cause of volcanic fires is unknown; but it is evident that they are of no great depth, from the limited distance they effect the earth in their vicinity. Earthquakes and all preternatural convulsions evidently have the same origin. Geysers or hot springs are probably a weaker effect of the same cause. What more reliable cause can we look to than electricity for these phenomena? Chemistry and art, with a few yards of metallic surface laid in strata, form an electric battery capable of fusing a rod of iron, or furnishing caloric for a hot spring. The electric battery is not confined to metallic surfaces, but to any substance that has the required relative affinity for electricity, as ores, minerals, and fossils, or wood, leather, or the fleshy substance of the electric eel. The heat from a battery does not depend on combustion, and is as readily produced in the earth as on its surface. Stratified is a natural formation in the earth, and electric batteries may be formed in the earth by strata of metallic ores and other minerals of sufficient magnitude to produce all the preternatural phenomena that is exhibited. Researches in this direction are infinitely more rational than the igneous theory.

The cause of the increasing temperature as we descend into the earth is explainable as follows:—The equatorial part of the earth, comprising two-fifths of the earth's surface, and more than three-fifths of its mass, is surrounded by a belt of heated surface. The mean temperature of the atmosphere at the equator is 87 degrees; decreasing to 78 degrees in latitude 23; and the surface of the earth exposed to the sun's rays becomes daily heated to 150 degrees in latitude 23, and in the equatorial part of Africa to 185 degrees. This may have been its condition through all time, and the great internal mass of the earth is at the mean temperature of its various surface heats. The polar hemispheres are less heated by the sun's rays, and the cold increases as we recede from the equator. Now if we penetrate the earth in the cold region, we meet the heat from the equator travelling by conduction to the cooler parts of the earth. The deeper we descend, the nearer we approach to the heated mass, and the heat increases. Common reasoning would lead us to this conclusion if it had not been observed.

I fear I have not explained this to the capacity of every mind. I will try again. I will take a ball of chalk or plaster two feet in diameter, and suspend it like a school globe, to turn on its axis like the earth; place it in an atmosphere at the temperature of zero. Then place a lamp or other means of heating its equator to the temperature of the earth's equator. Let it revolve until the maximum temperature has spread to all its parts. It is now ready to examine: I will bore in from the pole, the temperature is at zero, but increases at every inch that is penetrated in the direction of the centre. I will bore again at lat. 45, or mid way between the equator and pole; here I begin to bore in a warmer place, but the heat increases at every inch though not at the same ratio, until it arrives at the same temperature in the centre. Bore again at latitude 20, here I begin with more heat, or near the mean temperature, and the heat is near the same temperature at every inch to the centre. Bore again at the equator, here I begin at a heat above the mean temperature, and every inch I descend into the ball the heat decreases. This is precisely the condition of the earth. This fully explains the phenomenon of increasing temperature as we descend into the earth, and experimentally proves it.

Mr. A. sweeps over things without noticing cause and effect, or attempting to prove or explain the positions he assumes.

This is characteristic of his school, as its theories will not bear to be tried by natural laws. He says, "The first effect of cooling our planet must have been to solidify it, and thus to form a film or crust over it. The crust would shrink as the cooling process went on; *in consequence of the shrinking, wrinkles and folds would arise upon it.*" This may be so with his crust, but all natural things when shrinking draw their tension more tight.

He says "The effect of heat upon clay is to bake it into slate." Again he says, "Whenever these liquid masses melted by a heat more intense than can be produced by any artificial means have flowed over them or cooled in immediate contact with them, the clay will be changed into slate." Does the experience of our potters bear out this fact? Do our brick makers, with every grade of heat, from the vitrified bricks of the arch, to the half-burned bricks of the outside, ever discover it?

He says: "*All substances when heated occupy more space than they do when cold; water which expands when freezing is the only exception to this rule.*" Mr. A. is in error; all substances that are unchanged by fusion and solidification, are under the same law; and all solids float on the liquid like ice on water. The cook knows when melting her fat, that the solid floats on the liquid; the chandler knows that the solid floats on the liquid when he is melting his wax or tallow; the school-boy with his ladle of melted lead knows that the solid floats on the liquid; and the founder knows that all metals occupy *less* space when in a state of fusion, and that the solid float on the liquid like ice on water. Even the igneous theory admits this, for the cold crust, it says, floats upon the fluid molten mass of the earth.

Professor Agassiz says: "Astronomy shows us our planet thrown off from the central mass of which it once formed a part, a globe of liquid fire." A globe of liquid fire, covered with an unbroken ocean of water! What a magnificent chimera. He says of America: "First born among the continents," "here was the first dry land lifted out of the water." "All mountains and mountain chains have been upheaved by great convulsions of the globe." It appears to the unscientific, that upheaving mountains floating on a liquid, would be attended with difficulty for want of foothold. Perhaps Mr. A will relieve our minds by explaining the operation on a lake with a thin crust of ice. Instead of the mountains being "upheaved by great convulsions of the globe," is it not more rational to imagine that the mountains have been rising for an indefinite length of time, and that they rise as much to-day as any other day since they commenced to rise, and that the rocks grow from beneath, and wear away from the exposed surface by the dilapidations of time? Granite, the unstratified rock, the product of cooling our liquid planet as it was thrown off from the great central mass; does it contain all the elements of every earthly thing? This should be the first study of the Plutonic school. Chemistry gives us no such results. Tell us what has become of the law of conduction between the cold crust of the earth, and the hot mass. The whole theory, it seems to me, is at variance with nature, and shrinks from all close inspection, and comparison with the known laws of nature.

Respectfully, SETH BOYDEN.

Newark, New Jersey.

☞ A corporation in Boston recently paid a dividend of 50 per cent. An elderly gentleman, as he took his check for a thousand, did not appear to be satisfied, and the clerk ventured to remark that the dividend was a large one. The veteran looked at the young man over his spectacles, and said, with a grunt—"It will do, if they only keep it up."

PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "The Earl's Heirs," "East Lynne," "The Channings," &c.

MARION HARLAND,

Author of "Alone," "The Hidden Path," "Miriam," &c.

AND

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,

Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES and POETRY. Special Departments shall also be devoted as heretofore to AGRICULTURE, WIT AND HUMOR, RECEIPTS, NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

TERMS: CASH IN ADVANCE.

1 copy, one year, ... $2.0
4 copies, one year, ... 6.0
8 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,) . 12.0
20 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,) . 28.0

A SPLENDID PREMIUM.

WHO WANTS A SEWING MACHINE?

To any one sending thirty subscriptions and $60, we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines, such as they sell for $45. The machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

In procuring the subscribers for this Premium, we of course prefer that the 30 subscribers should be procured independently of each other, at the regular terms of $2,00 for each subscriber. Where this cannot be done, the subscribers may be procured at any of our club rates, and the balance of the $60 forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine. The subscribers may be obtained at different Post-offices.

Every person collecting names for the Sewing Machine Premium, should send the names with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names and whole amount of money ($60), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

☞ Sample copies of THE POST sent gratis.

Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Phila.

P. S.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

Our Sick and Wounded Soldiers.

A discharged soldier applying for "special relief," came into the office of the W. P. B., a few days since. He had lost the use of his left arm, and looked altogether in a very forlorn and helpless condition. He had been discharged in Washington, where he had left his pension claim in the hands of an agent, being ignorant of the provision made by the Sanitary Commission for such cases. He seemed a little sullen in making his application, remarking that he had been sent from one point to another, without receiving assistance from any. "At one place," he said, "I was told that if I were from New England they would help me; but when I enlisted, I enlisted to fight for all the States, and not for any one portion of them; and I do not see why I am not as deserving of help because I came from old England and enlisted in New York, as I would have been if I had come from New England and enlisted in Massachusetts."

This circumstance brought to mind some remarks which Dr. Bellows made, in his address upon the Sanitary Commission, at the Academy of Music a few weeks since, about associations for the relief of particular States and designated regiments. I do not think that they were appreciated at the time; for we had all been so busily at work in this city, in the various Ladies' Aid Societies, upon the same broad Federal principle which guides the Commission, that we were not aware to what an extent these Associations had spread through our own State, as well as through New England and New York. But upon inquiring into the subject, we find that enough cannot be said against this mischievous way of working. The amount of supplies lost or lying in Washington undistributed, exceeds that which the Sanitary Commission has distributed. Think of that fact in connection with the following statement of the Executive Committee:

"Although this Commission is daily relieving a fearful amount of suffering, and saving many lives, it is now and long has been obliged to witness *a far greater amount of suffering and of death, which it has never had the means to relieve.* What it has done, is but little compared with what it could do, had its resources been at all adequate to its work." But, as Dr. Hosmer says, "People desire to help their own—every city or county or State its own regiments—every mother her own son. It is natural; but such discriminations are not always possible. Stores of good things may be sent to a regiment for its hospital, and the receipt of them may be acknowledged, and the donors rejoice in their charity, but the next day that regiment may march in an hour's notice, and be compelled to leave and lose all but bare necessities. Onondaga county sent stores of good things to their regiments, and once a sudden order came to march and their good things were left behind; and again, what they had was burned, so that it should not fall into the hands of the enemy." "To the knowledge of the Commission, *many hundred tons* of such presents are now plied uselessly in storehouses and yards, and upon old camp-grounds; while *thousands* have probably been destroyed to prevent their falling ito the hands of the enemy. It is best that Government should be left to feed and clothe the well men; but for the sick and wounded we cannot do too much." At one time, the people of New England sent more than 150 tons of hospital stores to Washington, consigned to the care of a very high officer of Government. The excellent lady to whom he entrusted their distribution, sent an order to each Surgeon in charge of a hospital in or near Washington, for so many boxes of hospital stores. "One of them showed me his order," writes a member of the Commission, and told me he really did not want these stores. Miss D—— says that the Hospital Stewards and nurses are having good time scrambling for the plunder. It is a great pity that the bounty of the people should be thus wasted, when it might be made so much more useful, if dispensed through the comprehensive organization of the Sanitary Commission. State Associations are another source of extravagant waste and loss. The army would do better without them. What it wants is a great National organization that knows nothing of State lines, and seeks only to aid and support our soldiers, without inquiring whether they were mustered into the National service in Maine or in Minnesota."

In the Report of the Executive Committee of the New England Women's Auxiliary, the question, "Why can the Commission do this work for our sick and wounded soldiers better than any state or local agency?" is thus ably answered:—

"Because it is an 'arm of Government,' and therefore works for the whole country. And because Government has granted it facilities that could not be given to any narrower agency. The most pressing need of the men is, of course, felt directly after a battle. Then, a feather's weight may turn the balance for life or death. Here, on the bloody field, before the roar of the artillery has ceased, stand the agents of the Commission, with, may we say, an *exhaustless* supply of the means of saving life, and relieving suffering? Ah! that word 'exhaustless,' depends on you and me, and each loyal noncombatant in our land. But there they stand, ready to relieve all the sufferers—if we have furnished the means for all—knowing no difference between Maine men and Iowans, for are they not equally fighting for a common cause, and entitled to share equally in a common relief? Which men shall come first under their care? Thank God! *they* say 'those suffering most; those whom one-half hour of delay will send out of the reach of human care and sympathy forever.' Is there a mother, a wife, a sister, a loving woman in our land, who will not bless the Sanitary Commission for this human view? Or would each one who has given her dearest to her country, prefer to trust him in that hour of peril, to her state's agent, who might go about, losing golden moments, in searching here and there for men, who, in a time of peace, gladly brought their identity within the limits of a state boundary, but who, at their country's call, nobly merged all minor differences in one hope, one faith—Liberty and Union. But this is not the extent of the inadequacy of any sectional aid. It cannot be had on the battle-field, even for its own exclusive objects of care. The Commission keeps up a regular communication with the generals in command, who call upon it to establish its depots of supply near each advancing division; and as the base of operations changes from time to time, the commissioners are notified to change their depots, keeping always as near the front as possible. And again, Government has, as we have said, afforded to the Commission every possible facility for transportation, which is so difficult in the confusion inseparable from a great battle. It is obvious that no limited agency could share these inestimable advantages. Thus practically, as well as by authority of Government, this work rests with the Sanitary Commission, and must be left undone, if it has not the means of doing it. So all questions are resolved into one, which it concerns us deeply to ponder, and faithfully to answer. Shall the Commission be enabled to do the work thoroughly? Consider, for a moment, that it cannot 'levy taxes,' that it has no 'revenue' of any sort or kind, but what is furnished by the volunteer contributors of the North, and can we escape the conviction that we, personally and collectively, are charged with a terrible responsibility; that the saving of many lives rests with us, that the relief of untold agony is in our hands? Friends, fellow-workers, the time for considering this work as something we may choose or refuse is past. It ended at the moment when we accepted the war as no play, but a bitter, to very many of us, a life-long reality. At that moment, our share of the trial ceased to be anything but a solemn duty, no less solemn, indeed, than the duty of fighting to vindicate those sacred rights, for which we can only work and pray. Are we ready to accept this responsibility? If so, let us renew and deepen our pledge to place our offerings on the altar of Federal Union, and a common cause. Our whole power, wisely bestowed, will do all that the occasion requires, but anything less than this, will leave things undone that we shall not like to think of when the distractions of the hour are past, and we are left face to face with Eternal Justice, alone. But we do not mean to lay up grievous memories. The quick current bears us on, yet not too fast to allow us time to realize what we ought to do, and to do it. The Sanitary Commission asks our hearty co operation; it gives reasons for its plea. Let us weigh those reasons carefully, and in the spirit of self-forgetfulness; remembering how grave is the subject with which we have to deal."

TO FARMERS.

As the season for planting has arrived, we would call the attention of farmers to the fact that our army has suffered greatly during the past winter from want of fresh vegetables, such as onions and cabbage, particularly the former. By planting a few extra rows, and sending the products to us in the fall, they will give us a welcome contribution, and insure a sufficient supply. Tomatoes are solicited; which we can have canned and sent where most needed.

JERSEY TOBACCO.—The cultivation of tobacco is receiving no little attention from the farmers residing in Camden. One individual last year raised on thirteen acres of ground over 13,000 pounds of the weed, and has the promise of twice that yield, the present season, on the same ground. In this climate the time for sowing the seed is from the first to the middle of April, the plants generally appearing about the first of May, and being ready for transplanting from the 10th to the 15th of June. One tablespoonful of seed will produce plants enough for an acre of tobacco, but usually two or three times the quantity is sown, as the plants sometimes fail. One acre of tobacco, set three feet by two-and-a-half distant, will contain 6 050 plants; and the quantity of tobacco that may be raised per acre varies from 1,000 pounds to one ton per acre—an average crop, where it is properly treated, being 1 500 pounds to the acre in Connecticut. There is considerable land in our adjoining counties, and on the outskirts of the city, where this valuable product might be grown with success.

☞ A bad old age is death without death's quiet.

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

HEADQUARTERS 5TH REG. VT. VOLUNTEERS,
Camp Griffin, Va.

Messrs. Perry Davis & Son: We, the undersigned, officers of the Fifth Regiment Vermont Volunteers, beg leave to inform you of the beneficial effects of your Pain Killer, and particularly recommend it to the especial use of the ARMY, as being an excellent remedy for the many diseases incident to camp life and a Southern climate. It is to the soldier what the sun is to vegetation, to nurture and restore vigor to the weak and sickly. As the result of its use in our regiment the surgeon's labors have been reduced one-half.

It has been used quite successfully for sudden colds, coughs, neuralgia pains, indigestion, cramps in the stomach, diarrhea, dysentery, cholera morbus, sprains and bruises, and in fact all diseases to which the soldier is exposed.

Very truly yours,
Capt. BENJ. R. JENNE, Company G,
and 18 other Line Officers.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1275 head. The prices realized were from 9 to 12½ cts ℔ lb. 80 Cows brought from $18 to 30 ℔ head. 2100 Sheep were sold at from 8½ to 9½c ℔ lb gross. 840 Hogs at from $8,50 to 9 ℔ cwt, net.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
SINCLAIR TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth St., Pittsburg.
JOHN P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEO. N. LEWIS, 29 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Ill.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The receipts of all kinds of Flour continue very light; sales of only some 5000 bbls to note, in small lots, mostly taken for shipment, at $6@6,25 for common and good superfine; $6,50@7 for extras; $7,25@7,75 for low grade and good Western and Pennsylvania extra family, and $8@8,25 for fancy Ohio. The bulk of the sales were of good extra family at $7,50@7,75, including about 1000 bbls, part City Mills extra, on terms kept private. The demand from the trade has been rather more active within the above range of prices, and high grade fancies at $8,50@9 ℔ bbl as in quality. Rye Flour is scarce, and about 400 bbls sold at $4,75@5 ℔ bbl, the latter for better brands. Corn Meal is but little inquired for, and Country Meal is scarce; 200 bbls Jersey sold at $4,22; Brandywine is held at $4,50 ℔ bbl, and dull.

GRAIN comes in slowly; and only about 25,000 bus Western and Pennsylvania reds have been taken for milling at 165@170c for good and choice lots, the latter for amber, and from 175 to 190c for white, including some prime Kentucky at the highest figure. Rye is scarce, and Pennsylvania is selling in a small way on arrival at 108@110c. Corn is better, and most of the offerings some 55,000 bus yellow, found buyers at 89@92c, and white at 91@92c. Oats are also better, and 50,000 bus Pennsylvania sold, chiefly at 84@85, weight. Barley and Malt remain quiet, and prices about the same.

PROVISIONS—There is very little demand for any kind, and the market is inactive. Mess Pork selling in lots as wanted, at $15,50@16 ℔ bbl for Western and city packed. Of Beef we note a sale of 100 bbls Robeson's Mess at $12,50, city is worth $14@15 ℔ bbl; 100 tierces India sold on terms kept private. Of Bacon the sales are mostly confined to hams, at 10@11½c for plain, and 11½@12c for fancy bagged; shoulders and sides are very dull, with about 200,000 lbs sold at about 5c. Green Meats are steady, with further sales of shoulders, in salt, at 5¼@5½c, sides 6¼@6½c, and hams at 7¼@7½c; 250 casks do., in pickle, sold at 8¼@9¼c, the latter for extra quality. Lard is dull, and prime tierces is held at 11c. Irregular packages are worth 10@10½c, and kegs 12½c. Butter and Cheese are quiet; we quote the former at 20@25c for roll, and the latter at 13@14c ℔ lb. Eggs are steady at 18c ℔ doz.

COTTON—The market has ruled very inactive during the entire week, and the sales limited at 65@68c, cash, part South American.

ASHES—There is rather more doing, without change in quotations.

BARK comes in slowly, and further sales of about 70 hhds Quercitron are reported at $36 for 1st No 1, at which rate it is steady. Of Tanners' Bark sales are reported at $18 ℔ cord for Spanish Oak.

BEESWAX continues in request at 46@47c ℔ lb.

COAL—Orders come in freely. Cargo prices range at $5@5,25 ℔ ton on board at Richmond.

COFFEE—The receipts and stocks are very light, with sales of some 300 bags at 29@33c for Rio, cash and 4 mos.

COPPER—There is nothing doing in Sheathing. Of Yellow Metal prices are steady at 32c for Sheets, on time.

FEATHERS are unchanged, with a small business to note at 45@47c ℔ lb for Western.

FRUIT—The sales are moderate at 6@10c for unpared Peaches, the latter for prime bright halves, and 4@6c ℔ lb for Apples. Green Apples are scarce and high.

HAY continues scarce and high, and good Timothy is worth $1,15@1,25 the 100 lbs.

HEMP—There is little or no stock here, the market is dull and unsettled.

HOPS move off slowly, and prices range at 23@26c for Eastern and Western.

IRON—The market is very inactive. There is some little inquiry for Pig Metal at $36@37 for Foundry, and $34@35 for Forge, cash and 4 mos. Scotch Pig is quiet and nominal at $38@40 ℔ ton. Of Manufactured Iron the sales are moderate and prices firm.

LEAD is unsettled and lower, and a sale of 2000 pigs Galena is reported at a private bargain.

LUMBER—White Pine Boards range at $21@23, Yellow Sap do at $20@21, and White Pine Shingles at $19@21. Sales of Rafted Hemlock are reported at $10 for 3 by 4, and $9,50 ℔ M for Joist. A cargo sale of Laths is reported at $1,60 ℔ M.

MOLASSES continues firm with sales of 700 hhds Cuba, part at 40@43c, on time, and part at a price kept private. Some 350 bbls New Orleans also sold, part by auction, from 38 to 53c, cash and on time.

PLASTER—There is not much arriving, and further sales of soft are reported at $5,25@5,50 ℔ ton.

RICE is firm but quiet. Rangoon selling in a small way at 7½@8¼c ℔ lb.

SEEDS are very quiet. A few small sales of Clover are reported at $5,25@5,75, and of Timothy at $1,75@2 ℔ bush. Of Flaxseed the offerings and sales are also light at $3,50@$4,25 ℔ bush for rough and recleaned seed, the latter is wanted for sowing.

SPIRITS are firm but very inactive, and prices of Brandy and Gin altogether nominal. N. E. Rum is quiet at 68c. Whiskey is unchanged, and selling in a small way at 47@48c for Penna. and Ohio bbls, 46c for hhds, and 45@45½c for crudge.

SUGAR—The market is firm, with sales of about 1100 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 9¾@11¼c and 1200 bags Brazil at 10¼c, all on time.

TOBACCO—There is rather more leaf arriving, but the demand continues limited and prices are unsettled.

WOOL—The market has been very inactive, at 80@85c for coarse and medium, and 87@92c for fine fleece, nett.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, April 18, 1863.

Alabama	80 dis.	Mississippi,	—
Canada,	45 prem.	Missouri,	3 dis.
Connecticut,	¼ dis.	New Brunswick,	25 prem.
Delaware,	par.	New Hampshire,	¼ dis.
Dist. of Columbia,	¼ dis.	New Jersey,	par to ½ dis.
Florida,	— dis.	New York City	¼ dis.
Georgia,	40 dis.	New York State,	¼ dis.
Illinois,	3 dis.	North Carolina,	40 dis.
Indiana,	½ to [illegible] dis.	Nova Scotia,	15 prem.
Iowa,	1 dis.	Ohio	½ dis.
Kansas,	—	Pennsylvania,	par to ½ dis.
Kentucky,	¼ dis.	Rhode Island,	¼ dis.
Louisiana,	40 dis.	South Carolina,	20 dis.
Maine,	¼ dis.	Tennessee,	10 dis.
Maryland,	¼ to ½ dis.	Texas,	—
Massachusetts,	¼ dis.	Vermont,	¼ dis.
Michigan,	1½ dis.	Virginia,	35 dis.
Minnesota,	—	Wisconsin,	4 dis.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order.
R. G. GRAHAM,
109 Nassau St., New York City.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Baltimore, on the 9th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Fuller, MORRIS WALMSLEY, formerly of Burlington, N. J., to JOSEPHINE A., youngest daughter of J. P. Milnor, Esq., of the former city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. J. Chambers, Mr. FRANCIS A. SHOURDS, of San Francisco, Cal. to Miss SALLIE A. PEDDRICK, of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. WILLIAM W. S. DYRE, to Miss MILLIE A. PARKER, both of this city.

On the 23d of Feb. by the Rev. Samuel Durborow, Mr. STEPHEN T. GARLAND, to Miss ALLIA E. GROVE.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. G. F. Krotel, GEORGE S. HENKEL, to AMANDA R. daughter of Chas. D. Colladay, both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. John Street, Sr., JOHN STREET, Jr., to Miss CARRIE, youngest daughter of Jos. Lare, Esq. both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. G. C. Arnold, Mr. ROBERT McCAUSLAND, to Miss JANIE C. MUIR, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st, 4th month, at Clarksville, Clinton county, Ohio, MARY McDOWEL, wife of the late John L. Williams, in her 76th year. Mrs. Williams moved with her husband to the place of her decease over 40 years ago, when the place was a complete wilderness.

Suddenly, on the 9th instant, in camp, near Falmouth, Va., JOHN EASLER, of Co. I, 118th (Corn Exchange) reg., P. V., in his 35th year.

On the 13th instant, near Lewes, Del., Mrs. ELECTRA BURTON, wife of the late S. Albert Burton, and daughter of John Goodrich, of this city.

On the 14th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH HILDEBURN, relict of Saml. Hildeburn.

On the 14th instant, HENRY D. ESHER, of the 73d Pa. Vols. in his 49th year.

On the 13th instant, Mr. SAMUEL JARDEN, in his 44th year.

On the 13th instant, FANNY S. HARPER, wife of Mr. S. Harper, in her 23d year.

On the 12th instant, Mrs. MARY M. TOMLINSON, in her 52d year.

On the 12th instant, GEORGE JEFFRIES, late coachmaker, in his 73d year.

UNITED STATES
FIVE-TWENTIES;
OR,
TWENTY-YEAR
SIX PER CENT. BONDS,
PAYABLE AT THE OPTION OF THE GOVERNMENT AFTER FIVE YEARS.

I am instructed by the SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY to receive Subscriptions for the above

LOAN AT PAR,
THE INTEREST TO COMMENCE FROM DATE OF DEPOSIT,
AND IS
PAYABLE IN GOLD, AT THE MINT,
OR THE SUB-TREASURY OR DEPOSITORY OF THE UNITED STATES,
On the first day of May and November of each year.

AT THE PRESENT PREMIUM ON GOLD THESE BONDS YIELD ABOUT
EIGHT PER CENT. PER ANNUM.

A full supply of these Bonds always on hand.

JAY COOKE,
SUBSCRIPTION AGENT,
No. 114 S. THIRD STREET.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

On and after JULY 1st, 1863, the privilege of converting the present issue of LEGAL TENDER NOTES into the NATIONAL SIX PER CENT. LOAN (commonly called "Five-Twenties") will cease.

All who wish to invest in the Five-Twenty Loan must, therefore, apply before the 1st of July next.

JAY COOKE,
SUBSCRIPTION AGENT,
ap4-13t No. 114 S. THIRD ST., PHILADA.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS, NEW STYLE.
BRANDRETH'S PILLS, NEW STYLE.
BRANDRETH'S PILLS, NEW STYLE.

Are infallible for costiveness, spasms, loss of appetite, sick headache, giddiness, sense of bloating after meals, dizziness, drowsiness and cramping pains, and all disorders of the stomach and bowels.

ONE OF MANY CASES.

☞ Original Letter at 294 Canal Street, New York.

J. I. C. COOK, publisher of the *State Banner*, Bennington, Vt., says: he was attacked with DYSPEPSIA, and suffered so severely from it, that not a particle of food could be swallowed without occasioning the most uncomfortable sensation in his stomach. For five years he suffered from this dreadful complaint, when he used BRANDRETH'S PILLS. The first box did not seem to benefit him much, but the second produced a change, and by the time he had taken six boxes, a COMPLETE CURE was effected. He says:—"My dyspepsia was gone, and my expectation of an early death vanished."

ASK FOR NEW STYLE.
ASK FOR NEW STYLE.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at the PRINCIPAL OFFICE 294 CANAL ST., and 4 UNION SQUARE, New York.

Obtain your first supply from one of these depots or from one of the regular advertised agents for the GENUINE BRANDRETH'S PILLS; you will then know how to discern between the true and the false.

Price 25 cents each. Sold by MRS. SHAEFFER, No. 14 North Eighth street, Philadelphia; by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 232 North Second street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines. ap25-2teow

NOTICE. THOSE WISHING to become rich, or succeed in anything they wish, should send for one or all of the Gipsy's Seven Secret Charms. Thousands have done so and now rejoice. They cost but little and do much good. For further particulars send stamp, and get full explanation, to E. F. MAYO, Ballston Spa., New York. ap25-3t

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

MR. CHURCH'S NEW PICTURE,
UNDER NIAGARA.

Painted from studies made on the "Maid of the Mist," now on exhibition at HAZARD'S Bookstore, 724 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Admission 25 cents.
ap11-2t JOHN McCLURE.

Palmer's
PATENT LEG & ARM
1609 and 376 CHESTNUT St
PHILADELPHIA.

B. FRANK PALMER,
SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c.,
has removed to

THE STONE EDIFICE,
No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.—1609.
THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND.

This Establishment, erected at great expense, for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.

The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS" (under the New Patents), in *unexampled perfection. Thousands of these Limbs* are worn (though few are suspected), and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (50 "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world), attests the public value of these inventions. *All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.*

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

All former partnerships have expired by limitation. Address

B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon-Artist,
oc16-1y 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.

WHEELER & WILSON'S
SEWING MACHINES,
AT REDUCED PRICES.
OFFICE 505 BROADWAY, N. Y.

NEW YORK, November, 1861.

The curtailment of litigation expenses, consequent upon the recent decisions of the United States Courts, which confirm the validity of our patents and interdict their infringement, enables us to benefit the public by important reductions in the prices of our SEWING MACHINES. They are now sold with *valuable improvements* at the following reduced

PRICES:

No. 1 MACHINE, SILVER PLATED, with
- Full Case, Polished Rosewood, $100,00
- Half Case, Polished Rosewood, 80,00
- Half Case, Paneled, Black Walnut, 70,00
- Plain Table, 65,00

No. 3 MACHINE, PLAIN, with
- Half Case, Polished Black Walnut or Mahogany, $55,00
- Half Case, Paneled, 50,00
- Plain Table, 45,00

The HIGHEST PREMIUM has been awarded for the WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINES, at the WORLD'S FAIR, now being held in London, England, with all other Sewing Machines in competition.

[The number 3, plain table, (worth $45) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE POST—*see Prospectus.* We will arrange for either of the other machines manufactured by Wheeler & Wilson, at a proportionate increase of subscribers and money.

DEACON & PETERSON,
Publishers Saturday Evening Post.]

WITHERS & PETERSON,
39 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADA.
STOCK AND EXCHANGE
BROKERS.

STOCKS BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.

7 3-10 TREASURY NOTES constantly on hand, and will be sold at lowest rates.

All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.

UNCURRENT MONEY Bought and Sold.

Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the Loyal States and Canada.

DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points.
ap26-1y

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS
FOR THE
CARD PORTRAITS OF FRIENDS AND OTHERS.

For a list of kinds and prices we refer to the Saturday Evening Post of January 17—or any number for two months previous to that date. Or such a list will be forwarded by writing to
DEACON & PETERSON,
319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

GOLD! GOLD!—Full instructions in Ventriloquism and how to win the undying love of the opposite sex, sent by mail to any person for 5 cts. Address JAGGERS & HANDLEY, Calhoun, Illinois. ap18-2t

UNITED STATES
SANITARY COMMISSION,
NO. 1307 CHESTNUT STREET.

To all who have friends in the Army:—Soldiers' Aid Societies, Clergymen, Editors and others are respectfully requested to aid in disseminating the following notice, which is of interest to all who have friends in the Army:—

DIRECTORY OF THE HOSPITALS.

The Sanitary Commission have made arrangements for supplying information gratuitously with regard to patients in the United States General Hospitals at the following points (others will be added):—

PHILADELPHIA DEPARTMENT.—For information, address Office Sanitary Commission, No. 1307 Chestnut Street.

Philadelphia,
Chester,
Germantown,
Reading,
Chestnut Hill,
Harrisburg.

NEW YORK DEPARTMENT.—For information, address Office Women's Central Union, No. 10 Cooper Institute.

New York, N. Y.
Portsmouth Grove, R. I.
Burlington, Vt.
New Haven, Conn.
Brattleboro', Vt.
Albany, N. Y.
Boston, Mass.
Newark, N. J.

EASTERN DEPARTMENT.—For information, address Office Sanitary Commission, Washington, D. C.

Washington, D. C.
Frederick, Md.
Anna. Junc., Md.
Cumberland, Md.
Georgetown, D. C.
Alexandria, D. C.
Point Look-out, Md.
Fairfax, Va.
Baltimore, Md.
Annapolis, Md.
Aquia Creek, Va.
York, Pa.

WESTERN DEPARTMENT.—For information, address Office Sanitary Commission, Louisville, Ky.

Columbus, Ohio.
Cleveland, Ohio.
Camp Dennison, O.
Gallipolis, Ohio.
Cincinnati, Ohio.
Quincy, Ill.
Mound City, Ill.
Jeffersonville, Ind.
Evansville, Ind.
New Albany, Ind.
St. Louis, Mo.
Ironton, Mo.
Rolla, Mo.
Springfield, Mo.
Keokuk, Iowa.
Davenport, Iowa.
Paducah, Ky.
Bardstown, Ky.
Lebanon, Ky.
Columbus, Ky.
Louisville, Ky.
Covington, Ky.
Lexington, Ky.
Danville, Ky.
Perryville, Ky.
Bowling Green, Ky.
Memphis, Tenn.
Clarksville, Tenn.
Jackson, Tenn.
Murfreesboro' Tenn.
La Grange, Tenn.
Gallatin, Tenn.
Vicksburg, Miss.
Corinth, Miss.
Helena, Ark.
Grafton, Va.
Point Pleasant, Va.
Parkersburg, Va.
Clarksburg, Va.
Charlestown, Va.

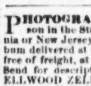
Information will, under ordinary circumstances be given to any one applying for it, in answer to any or all of the following inquiries. If the application is by letter the answer will be sent by return of mail. If in person, it will be answered at once.

1. Is —— (giving the name and regiment) at present in the Hospital of ——?
2. If so, what is his proper address?
3. What is the name of the Surgeon or Chaplain of the Hospital?
4. If not in Hospital at present, has he recently been in Hospital?
5. If so, did he die in Hospital, and at what date?
6. If recently discharged from Hospital, was he discharged from service?
7. If not, what were his orders on leaving?

More specific information as to the condition of any patient in the Philadelphia Hospitals will be furnished within twenty-four hours after a request to do so is received at the office, No. 1307 Chestnut street. The office of the Directory will be open daily (Sundays excepted) from 9 A. M. to 6 o'clock P. M.

The Commission receives no pecuniary aid whatever from Government, and is wholly dependent on the voluntary contributions of the public for the means of sustaining its operations. Contributions to its treasury are solicited, and will be thankfully received by CALEB COPE, Esq., Treasurer, N. E. corner of MINOR and SIXTH Streets, Philada. ap11-3t

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS.—Any person in the States of New York, Pennsylvania or New Jersey can have a Photograph Album delivered at their nearest express station, free of freight, at the lowest city retail price. Send for descriptive circular and terms to T. ELLWOOD ZELL, wholesale Bookseller and Stationer, Nos. 17 and 19 South Sixth Street, Philadelphia. ap25-4t



R. DOLLARD,
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Philadelphia,
Premier Artiste
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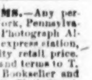
HAIR.



Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gent's Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention. nov6-eowly

WE CHALLENGE THE WORLD!

To produce a preparation so eminently harmless, so generally approved, and so perfect in its operation as

"CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE."

It corrects the injurious effects of other dyes, invigorates the Hair, is applied in a simple manner, operates *instantaneously*, does not stain the skin, and its tints are the

COUNTERFEITS OF NATURE.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
No. 6 Astor House, New York.

Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers.

Price, $1, $1,50 and $3 per box, according to size.

Cristadoro's Hair Preservative

Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the Hair.

Price, 50 cents, $1 and $2 per bottle, according to size. ap25-eow2t

THE CONFESSIONS AND EXPERIENCE OF AN INVALID.—Published for the benefit and as a warning and a caution to young men who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, &c., supplying at the same time the means of Self-Cure. By one who has cured himself after being put to great expense through medical imposition and quackery. By inclosing a post paid addressed envelope, *single copies* may be had of the author,
NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq.,
ap26 tf Bedford, Kings Co., N. Y.

Wit and Humor.

A FRIGHTENED CONTRABAND.

A letter received from an army correspondent on the Rappahannock relates the following camp incident:

An amusing incident occurred in camp a night or two since. A portly young contraband, from Charleston, S. C., who escaped from his rebel master at Antietam, and was for awhile quartered subsequently in Washington, was engaged by one of our junior staff officers, as his body servant, and brought down here to his quarters to attend him. It chanced that the officer had served his country gallantly at Sharpsburg, where he lost a leg, below the knee, the absence of which had been made up by an artificial limb, which the captain wore with so easy a grace that few persons who met him suspected his misfortune—his sable attendant being among the blissful ignorant as to the existence of the fact.

The captain had been "out to dine," and returned in excited spirits to his tent. Upon retiring, he called his darkey servant to assist him in pulling off his riding-boots.

"Now, Jimmy, look sharp," said the captain. "I'm a little—ic—flimsy, t'night. Look sharp, an'—ic—pull steady."

"Ise allers keerful, cap'n," says Jimmy, drawing off one long wet boot, with considerable difficulty, and standing it aside.

"Now mind your eye—Jim! The other—ic—is a little tight," and black Jimmy chuckled and showed his shining ivory, as he reflected, perhaps, that his master was quite as "tight" as he deemed his boots to be.

"Easy, now—that's it. Pull away!" continued the captain, good-naturedly, and enjoying the prospective joke, while he loosened the straps about his waist which held his cork leg up—"*now youv'e got it!* Yip—there you are! Oh, lord, oh, lord! oh, *lord!*" screamed the captain, as contraband, cork-leg, riding-boot, and ligatures tumbled across the tent, in a heap, and the one-legged officer fell back on his pallet, convulsed with spasmodic laughter. At this moment the door opened, and a lieutenant entered.

"G'way fum me—g'way fum me—lemme be! Lemme be! I ain't done nuffin," yelled the contraband, lustily, and rushing to the door, really *supposing that he had pulled his master's leg clean off.* "Lemmy go! I didn't do nuffin—g'way! g'way!" And Jimmy put for the woods in his desperation, since which he hasn't been seen or heard from, though his captain has diligently sought for him far and near. Jimmy was a good servant, but we never before were treated to a sight of a thoroughly frightened contraband. There is little doubt the darkey is running yet.—*Boston Transcript.*

FOUND HIS CROWD.

A young man clad in homespun was standing in Court street, Boston, a few days since, devouring a doughnut, when he was accosted by one of a half dozen genteelly-dressed idlers with—

"Just come down?"

"Yes, guess I have. Great place, this, ain't it, you?" said the countryman.

"'Tis so! How's your marm?" asked the city buck, bent on sport with the greeny.

"Well, she's pretty well. She sent me down on business."

"She did? What kind of business are you on?"

"Why, she wanted me to come down to Boston and look around and find half a dozen of the biggest fules, to educate 'em, and I rather guess I've got my eyes on 'em now," said the stranger, taking in the whole crowd at a glance. The next moment he had the edgestone to himself, where he quietly finished his doughnut.

PROOF OF VALOR.—A good story is told of a certain officer who was accused of showing the white feather in an engagement with the rebels. The story got whispered around until it came back to the officer in the columns of a newspaper. Seizing the paper, in a high state of indignation, he rushed into the presence of his superior officer, and exclaimed, "Now, captain, didn't I wave my sword, and rave, and curse and swear, and do you suppose I would have waved my sword, and cursed and swore if I had been afraid?"

The Captain had nothing to say against such conclusive evidence of valor as this.

A LAWYER'S ADVICE.—An old lawyer was giving advice to his son, who was just entering upon his father's profession. "My son," said the counsellor, "if you have a case where the law is clearly on your side, but justice seems to be against you, urge upon the jury the vast importance of sustaining the law. If, on the other hand, you are in doubt about the law, but your client's case is founded in justice, insist on the necessity of doing justice though the heavens fall." "But," asked the son, "how shall I manage a case where both law and justice are dead against me?" "In that case, my son, talk round it, talk round it."

☞ A Scotchman asked an Irishman why were half farthings coined in England? The answer was "To give Scotchmen an opportunity to subscribe to charitable associations."

WANTED AN OFFICE.—The private secretary of the Governor of —— is a wag. The other day a young man, decidedly inebriated, walked into the executive chamber, and asked for the Governor.

"What do you want with him?" inquired the secretary.

"Oh, I want an office with a good salary—a sinecure."

"Well," replied the secretary, "I can tell you something better for you than a sinecure—you had better try a *water cure.*"

A new idea seemed to strike the young inebriate, and he vamosed.

TRAVELLING IN ARKANSAS.—"My dear Madam, can you give me a glass of grog?" asked a fatigued traveller in Arkansas, as he entered a cabin on the roadside.

"I ain't got a drop, stranger," replied the woman.

"But a gentleman told me you had a barrel."

"Why, good gracious," replied the woman, "what do you reckon one barrel of whiskey is to me and my children, when we are out of milk?"

PERSIAN STORIES OF HUSBANDS.

A married man presented himself trembling and sorrowful at the gates of paradise. He had heard so often of his faults and shortcomings while upon earth, that he believed in them devotedly, and had no hope of being admitted to the habitations of the blessed. One wife, he had been repeatedly informed, was a blessing far beyond his merits while in the flesh; how, then, could he hope for the smiles of seventy houries. But the prophet, when he presented himself at the gates of heaven, to his great surprise, greeted him with a smile of ineffable compassion. "Pass on, poor martyr," said Mahomet. "You have been indeed a great sinner, but you have suffered enough upon the earth, so be of good cheer, for you will not meet your wife here."

A man who had hitherto crept up to heaven, now stood up confidently, and presented himself to the prophet upon the ground that he had been twice married.

"Nay," said the prophet, angrily, "paradise is no place for fools."

A ruffling young fellow married the wealthy widow of a great Khan. On the wedding-night she determined to assert her authority over him. So she treated him with great contempt when he came into the anteroom, and sat luxuriously embedded in rose-leaf cushions, caressing a large white cat, of which she pretended to be dotingly fond. She appeared to be annoyed by her husband's entrance, and looked at him out of the corners of her eyes with a glance of cold disdain.

"I dislike cats," remarked the young soldier, blandly, as if he was making a mere casual observation; "they offend my sight."

If his wife had looked at him with a glance of cold disdain before, her eyes now wore an expression of anger and contempt such as no words can express. She did not even deign to answer him, but she took the cat to her bosom and fondled it passionately. Her whole heart seemed to be in the cat, and cold was the shoulder which she turned to her husband. Bitter was the sneer upon her beautiful lips.

"When any one offends me," continued her gallant, gayly, "I cut off his head. It is a peculiarity of mine which I am sure will only make me dearer to you." Then drawing his sword, he took the cat gently but firmly from her arms, cut off his head, wiped the blade, sheathed it, and sat down, continuing to talk affectionately to his wife as if nothing had happened. After which, says tradition, she became the best and most submissive wife in the world.

A henpecked fellow meeting him next day as he rode with a gallant train through the market-place, began to condole with him.

"Ah!" said the henpecked, with deep feeling, "you, too, have taken a wife, and got a tyrant. You had better have remained the poor soldier that you were. I pity you from my very heart."

"Not so," replied the ruffler, joyfully; "keep your sighs to cool yourself next summer."

He then related the events of his wedding-night, with their satisfactory results.

The henpecked man listened attentively, and pondered long.

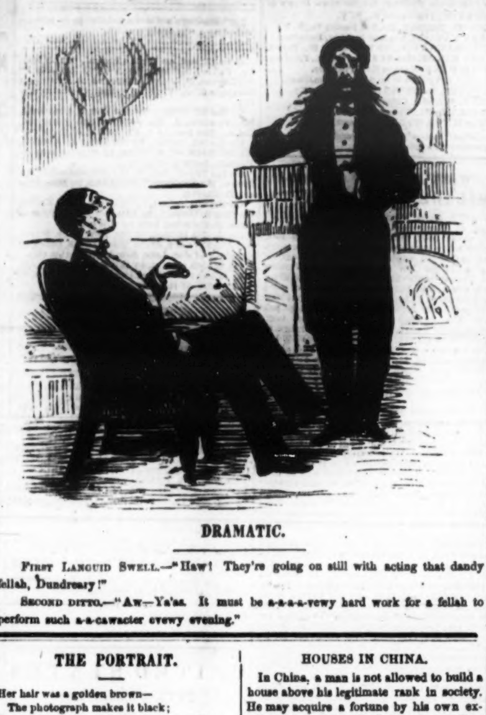
"I also have a sword," said he, "though it is rusty, and my wife is likewise fond of cats. I will cut off the head of my wife's favorite cat at once."

He did so, and received a sound beating. His wife, moreover, made him go down upon his knees and tell her what ghin, or evil spirit, had prompted him to commit the bloody deed.

"Fool!" said the lady, with a vixenish smile, when she had possessed herself of the henpecked's secret, "you should have done it the first night."

MORAL. Advice is useless to fools.

☞ "Why are nails designated by the terms *sixpenny, eightpenny,*" &c? In Sheffield, England, where immense quantities of nails are manufactured, they used to be sold in small quantities by the hundred; and the terms *fourpenny, sixpenny,* &c., referred to such nails as were sold at fourpence, sixpence, &c. per hundred nails. The length of the nails of that day was exactly the same with nails that are now known by those designations.



DRAMATIC.

FIRST LANGUID SWELL.—"Haw! They're going on still with acting that dandy fellah, Dundreary!"

SECOND DITTO.—"Aw—Ya'as. It must be a-a-a-vewy hard work for a fellah to perform such a-a-cawacter evewy evening."

THE PORTRAIT.

Her hair was a golden brown—
The photograph makes it black;
You may take the portrait out, if you will;
You'll find a lock at the back.

Her eyes were a living blue,
And through their splendor rare,
You could gaze right into her soul, and see
The passions that sported there.

Why did we part? God knows!
It may be that she and I
Love still with as true and tender a love
As we swore in the days gone by.

To see a mighty rift
In a mountain, who would think
It was rent in twain by a tiny rill
That had trickled in at a chink

Needs but an angry thought,
Or a light word, lightly spoken,
And a mountain of love may be rent in twain,
And the chain of life be broken.

You may solder it up, if you will,
But the place will always show;
It's better to do, as she and I—
Far better to let it go.

ADVICE ON SUNDRY SUBJECTS.

Never cut a piece out of a newspaper until you have looked on the other side, where perhaps you may find something more valuable than that which you first intended to appropriate.

Never put salt into your soup before you have tasted it. We have known gentlemen very much enraged by doing so.

Never burn your fingers if you can help it. People burn their fingers every day when they might have escaped if they had been careful.

Don't put your feet upon the table. True, the members of Congress do so, but you are not a member of Congress.

If you form one of a large mixed company, and a diffident stranger enters the room and takes a seat among you, say something to him, for Heaven's sake, even although it be only "Fine evening, sir." Do not let him sit bolt upright, suffering all the apprehensions and agonies of bashfulness, without any relief. Ask how he has been; tell him you know his friend so and so—anything that will do to break the icy stiffness in which very decent fellows are sometimes frozen on their *debut* before a new circle.

THE TWINKLING OF THE STARS.

According to M. Arago, astronomers and others have failed to arrive at a satisfactory explanation of the twinkling of the stars, on account of their failure to give an exact definition of the term "scintillation." He affirms then, that, in so far as naked eye observers of the heavens are concerned, scintillations, or twinkling, consist in very rapid fluctuations in the brightness of the stars. These variations are always accompanied by variations of color and secondary effects, which are the immediate consequences of every increase or diminution of brightness; such as considerable alteration in the apparent magnitude of the stars, and in the length of the diverging rays, which appear to issue in different directions from their centres. It has been remarked from a very early age that the phenomena of twinkling is accompanied by a change of color. It is asserted that the name of Barrakeach, given by the Arabians to the star Sirius, signifies the star of a thousand colors. M. Arago also asserts that the planets twinkle.

HOUSES IN CHINA.

In China, a man is not allowed to build a house above his legitimate rank in society. He may acquire a fortune by his own exertions, but, unless he holds some office, or is born to some rank, he has no liberty of architecture. Every matter relating to building is the subject of regulation by the police. The laws of the empire detail and enforce, with the greatest precision, the mode of constructing a residence for a prince of the first, second, or third rank, of a grandee, or of a mandarin. According to the ancient law, the number and height of the apartments, the length and height of a building, are all regulated with precision, from the plain citizen to the mandarin, and from the mandarin up to the emperor himself.

☞ The editor who kissed his sweetheart, saying—"please exchange," is believed not to have exceeded the proper "liberty of the press."

Useful Receipts.

CLEANING OIL PAINTINGS.—To remove dirt from old oil paintings, sponge with warm water, then cover with spirit of wine, renewed for ten minutes, and washing off with water, but without rubbing. Repeat the process until the whole is removed.

BLACK SPOTS ON PLATE.—Boil the articles in three pints of water with an ounce of calcined hartshorn; drain, dry by the fire, and polish with soft linen rags which have been boiled in the same liquid and afterwards dried; using purified whitening as the plate powder.

TO STRENGTHEN WOOLEN STOCKINGS.—Mrs. C. D. Ketchum, of Jackson Co., Wis., sends the following hint to the *American Agriculturist:* "In knitting common woolen socks and stockings, knit cotton thread in with the woolen yarn; the size of the thread to be governed by the size of the yarn. For very coarse socks, skein cotton will answer, but even in such socks, very fine spool cotton will add greatly to their durability. In old stockings, I have found every stitch of the cotton perfect after the wool was entirely worn away. The thread prevents the pulling and breaking of the tender yarn." [*Query.*—As cotton thread is now so costly, would not linen thread answer an equally good purpose, and even be better at any time? The above plan may be old to others, as Mrs. K. suggests, but it is new to us, and appears to be a good one.—ED.]

MOTHER-O'-PEARL.—To clean mother-o'-pearl, wash in whiting and water. Soap destroys the brilliancy.

SEALING-WAX may be taken out of table-covers by dissolving the spots with spirits of wine or naphtha. Apply the spirit with a camel's-hair brush.

DUTCH BUTTER may be made by dissolving two ounces of isinglass in a pint of water, with the peel of a lemon; add a pint of white wine, the juice of three lemons, and the yolks of eight eggs well beaten; sweeten to taste. Make it quite hot, but do not let it boil. Strain, and put into moulds.

A FINE CUSTARD PUDDING.—Mix by degrees a pint of good milk with a large spoonful of flour, the yolks of five eggs, some orange-flower water, and a little pounded cinnamon. Butter a basin that will exactly hold it, pour the batter in, and tie a floured cloth over it; put in boiling water over the fire, and turn it about five minutes to prevent the egg going to one side. Half an hour will boil it.

Agricultural.

TEN RULES TO BE OBSERVED IN MAKING BUTTER.

In making good butter there are several nice operations to be gone through with which require an eye to cleanliness, forethought and some little experience.

1. On milking clean, fast, yet gently, regularly twice a day, depends the success of the dairyman. Bad milkers should not be tolerated in a herd; better pay double the price for good ones.

2. Straining is quite simple, but it should be borne in mind that two pans about half full each will produce a greater amount of cream than the same milk if in but one pan; the reason of this is the greater surface.

3. Scalding is quite an important feature in the way of making butter in cool weather; the cream rises much quicker, milk keeps sweet much longer, the butter is of a better color, and churns in one-half the time.

4. Skimming should always be done before the milk becomes loppered; otherwise much of the cream turns into whey and is lost.

5. Churning, whether by hand or otherwise, should occupy forty or fifty minutes.

6. Washing in cold soft water is one of its preserving qualities, and should be continued until it shows no color of the milk by the use of the ladle; very hard water is highly charged with lime, and must in a measure impart to it alkaline properties.

7. Salting is necessarily done with the best kind of ground salt; the quantity varies according to the state it is taken from the churn; if soft, more; if hard, less; always taking the taste for the surest guide.

8. First working, after about twenty-four hours, is for the purpose of giving it greater compactness.

9. Second working takes place at the time of packing, and when the butter has dissolved the salt, that the brine may be worked out.

10. Packing is done with the hands or with a butter mall; and when butter is put into wooden vessels, they should be soaked two or three days in strong brine before using. After each packing cover the butter with a wet cloth and put a layer of salt upon it; in this way the salt can easily be removed at any time, by simply taking hold of the edges of the cloth.

Butter made in this way will keep any length of time required.—*Genesee Farmer.*

GARDEN WALKS.

As many persons have at this time large heaps of coal ashes, they can dispose of them in no way to better advantage than by hauling them into their garden alleys. Remove from four to six inches of the dirt, and, having screened the ashes, or separated the core and cinders, first apply the coarse stuff, then oyster-shells, if you have any on hand, small stones, glass or pieces of bricks, and top-dress with the ashes. Roll it, and you will have one of the best walks ever seen in a garden. The ashes become very hard, and are never wet, winter or summer, if the weather gives the water the least chance to get away. In summer, in five minutes after a shower there will be scarcely enough moisture to dampen the soles of your shoes.

If there is not sufficient ashes for all the walks, commence with the principal ones, and in a couple of years the garden will be complete. Then, each spring after, give them a slight top-dressing of the ashes, which will about consume your annual stock.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

WHAT SHRUBBERY SHALL I PLANT?—Every one acquainted with the subject, has his preferences or rather fancy as to the flowering shrubs. But there is a group of them which, by universal consent, every one admires and desires to see upon his premises. They are as follows:—The several Spiræas, especially Reevesii and Prunifolia; Deutzia Gracilis, Forsythia Veridissima, Colutea Arborescens, Wienese Apple, Pericantha, Magnolia Soulangeani, Gelia Rosea, Snow-Ball, Philadelphus Coronatus, Pyrus Japonica, Double-flowering Chi-Magnolia Conspicua, Mist Tree, Weeping Cherry, Persian Lilac, Enonymus, Flowering Almond, Double-flowering Peach, &c.

There are numerous others which, when carefully cultivated, are very pretty and add much to the floricultural appearance of the premises.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

GERMAN MODE OF PRESERVING OR TRANSMITTING CUTTINGS OF PLANTS TO A DISTANCE.—Cylindrically shaped strong glass bottles with wide mouths are used, into which the cuttings are thrown just as they are taken from the plant; from a teaspoonful to a tablespoonful of water is put in the bottle and the stopper hermetically sealed up. Cuttings kept in this way for a month have grown most freely, and instances have occurred where they have sent out roots during a journey from Edinburg to Vienna, and being immediately potted on their arrival have grown freely.

☞ GEOGRAPHICAL TABLES TURNED.—It has long been known that Russia makes one daily revolution about the Pole, but only recently established that the Pole purposes making one continual revolution about Russia.—*Punch.*

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 44 letters.

My 9, 7, 5, 8, 32, 21, is a surgical instrument.
My 24, 23, 29, 44, 3, 4, is a sea nymph.
My 41, 27, 28, 8, 19, is what every farm requires.
My 28, 13, 8, 15, 13, 12, 27, 6, 21, 18, is a book of explanations.
My 1, 2, 42, 22, 20, 29, is a musical instrument.
My 18, 30, 36, is an evergreen tree.
My 36, 10, 35, is a man of genius.
My 43, 10, 21, 1, 12, is a sign of the zodiac.
My 16, 26, 14, 31, 7, 17, 34, is a number.
My 8, 25, 3, 11, is a part of the face.
My 34, 30, 33, 12, 26, 27, 8, 17, is to accuse.
My 39, 36, 10, 8, 23, 15, 44, 24, is a score.

My whole is the name of the inventor of musical characters, and the year that they were introduced.

Mount Carroll, Illinois. ANDROS.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Write the name of a tool used by shoemakers.

Write one of the emblems of "Misplaced Devotion."

Write that which is possessed by every one.

Write a verb in the present tense, signifying *to inform,* and you will find that *my firsts* form a foreign measure, *my seconds,* a plant, *my thirds,* a part of the human body, and *my finals,* a man, celebrated in history for his principles of freedom and integrity.

Capt. L. B. CHESTER, U. S. A.
Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My whole is equivalent to compelled.
Curtail me, and I mean power.
Curtail me twice, and I am a preposition.
Behead me, and I am a conjunction.
Curtail me, and I am an interjection.

Woodville, Monroe Co., Ohio. F. C. F.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have a cistern in the form of a conical frustrum, whose top diameter, bottom diameter, and depth are to each other as 2, 4½, and 8, which is full of water. Now if I turn it over and pour out water till a straight line drawn from the lower edge of the top to the upper edge of the bottom coincides with the surface of the water at every point, there will remain in the cistern 18426.42648 cubic inches of water. Required—the dimensions of my cistern?

OTRAB.

☞ An answer is requested.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A man sold a horse and carriage for $225, on the horse he gained 20 per cent., and on the carriage he lost 25 per cent.; did he gain or lose, and how much, if ⅗ of what he paid for the horse equalled 5-6 of the cost of the carriage?

JUNIOR.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a baby like a certain star? Ans.—Because it is in the milky way.

☞ What is the difference between a male parent who is a chimney-sweep, and the revenue derived from mourning goods? Ans.—The first is a *dad sooty* while the other is a *sad duty.*

☞ Why is a fire-shovel like a footman? Ans.—Because he belongs to the grate. (Great.)

☞ Why is a bunch of keys like a head of hair? Ans.—Because it has *locks* belonging to it.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—"And I, even I, Artaxerxes the King, do make a decree to all the treasurers which are beyond the river, that whatsoever Ezra the priest, the scribe of the law of the God of Heaven, shall require of you, it be done speedily." CHARADE—Hippopotamus (Hip-po-pot-a-muss.)

Answer to GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM by Daniel Diefenbach, published March 7. 12 spheres. Artemas Martin, Franklin, Venango county, Pennsylvania, and E. Hagerty, Baltimore.

The answer to PROBLEM, by Verona, published March 14th, is, stress on each chain 20.501 pounds or 20½ pounds nearly.

E. HAGERTY.

Author's answer is 20.89 lbs.

Answer to ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM by Percival Jewett, published March 28. The bank had 83161 dollars in circulation. Artemas Martin, Franklin, Venango Co., Pa. D. Diefenbach's answer $277199.00. E. Hagerty's $637-559.00.

Answer to my MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM, published March 28. The sides of the piece of land measure 60, 80, and 100 rods, respectively. Artemas Martin, Franklin, Venango Co., Pa. E. Hagerty, Baltimore, sends the same answer.

Messrs. Editors: My DIOPHANTINE QUESTION published March 14, is impossible. I made the discovery sometime after I had sent the Problem to you for publication.

Respectfully, yours,
ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ Among the articles announced for sale at a recent auction, was one entitled a "mahogany child's chair." The father of this wonderful infant must be one of the Wood family.